TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

SATURDAY NIGHT's dictum of several weeks since, to the effect that the early closing by-law was not in accord with popular sentiment in this city, has received abundant confirmation. The vote on Alderman Shaw's motion in the City Council on Monday night practically puts an end to the early closing movement for the present, except so far as grocers' shops are concerned. The reason for this exception appears to be altogether inadequate, and grocers' shops will probably be placed on the same footing as other retail establishments. There is a widespread conviction that the by-law was an undue interference with the liberty of the subject, and that while it bore with extreme severity on a deserving class of the community, it conferred no corresponding benefit on those whom it was specially intended to serve. The vote in the Council stood 23 to 9, the majority being doubtless swelled by the general belief among the aldermen that improper means had been resorted to to secure the passing of the measure. There seems good reason for believing that this large majority fairly indicates the state of popular sentiment. The small shopkeepers throughout the city are jubilant, and such of them as have kept open in spite of the prohibition will most likely escape without the imposition of the prescribed penalty.

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Next session the legislature will doubtless introduce some modification of the Act under which the by-law came into being, and some enactment will probably be passed under which the rights of the employe will be protected without an infringement of the rights of the employers of labor. As previously pointed out in these columns, this purpose would be effected by a simple enactment abridging the hours during which clerks in stores should be compelled or permitted to work. Such a provision as this would enfranchise the clerk, while it would at the same time leave the dealer free to keep his place open, and to supply the wants of a numerous class who cannot conveniently make their purchases in the daytime.

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The Board of Works investigation is steadily bringing to light a mass of facts, which furnish grounds for serious reflection on the part of the Toronto tax-payer. It would be unfair to sum up the evidence until the case for the defence has been presented, but there can be no impropriety in remarking that sufficient testimony has already been adduced to show that an investigation of some kind is very much in order. If the accused persons have been maligned, it is due to them that they shou d have an opportunity of clearing themselves under the sanction of judicial proceedings. On the other hand, if the serious charges made against them are well founded, it is high time that the light of day should be let in on their transactions. It is true that slander should be promptly checked. If the evidence of Cooper and other witnesses for the prosecution is false, there should be no delay in demonstrating its falsity. But it is also true that petty larceny should be promptly exposed and punished. How many millions would have been saved to the city of New York if the Tammany disclosures had been made a year or two earlier.

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Lord Lansdowne had not been in England many hours ere he began to prove himself a valuable advertising agent on behalf of this Dominion. Like his predecessors, Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne, he is sanguine as to Canada's future, and does not hesitate to unburden himself on the subject to the representatives of the English press. A few words such as those he gave utterance to on Monday last are worth more to this country than hundreds of thousands of immigration pamphlets, and they have this additional advantage, that they cost us nothing. His Lordship is especially hopeful on the subject of the North-West, and his talk about the abundant harvest will be certain to swell the tide of immigration to that region during the season now opening. There is this further to be considered. His words will have weight with the class of persons whom Canada is most desirous of securing as immigrants. Of paupers and criminals we already have enough and to spare; but for industrious agriculturists and for persons with more or less capital at their command, we shall have "room and verge enough" for many a year to come.

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If the friends of Rev. Mr. Longley are well advised they will cease to bring him and his affairs before public notice so persistently as they have been doing of late. They are not likely to obtain a reversal of the popular verdict by any such means. The man has gone from our midst, and it is far from probable that he will ever come back. What good purpose do his friends hope to secure by keeping his name so conspicuously before the little world of Toronto? As to his actual guilt or innocence, I do not feel called upon to express any opinion. A committee of his reverend brethren have dealt with that, and it is only reasonable to suppose that they approached the consideration of the subject with a strong predisposition in his favor. Yet they have not seen fit to exonerate him. Their report, in fact, amounts to a practical condemnation; and there, so far as this community is concerned, the matter should end.

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A lame excuse may generally be accepted as a sign of conscious weakness. The excuses offered in behalf of the alleged transgressor in this case are about the lamest that could possibly have been put forward. It is claimed that he was unhappy in his domestic relations. Even if true this would afford no palliation of such an offence as is charged against him, in the case of a minister of the gospel. But, so far as can be learned, the statement is singularly the reverse of truth. Then, it is said that, notwithstanding his domestic infelicities, he has kept himself pure, and that he voluntarily sacrificed himself in order to shield the reputation of a member of his congregation. Such an argument as this latter is too absurd for serious consideration. It is obvious that there were much stronger interests involved than the reputation of an erring sister. There was his own good name, the feelings of his wife and family, and —higher still—the interests of his flock, and of the religious body with which he was connected, all of which were more or less compromised. If his conscience was void of offence, it was positively criminal for him to bring reproach on the innocent for the sake of screening the guilty. In whatever respect the unsavory matter is viewed, the conduct of the rev. gentleman presents itself in a most deplorable light. The only sensible course for his friends to adopt is to let the question severely alone, and thereby permit the public to forget all about it as soon as possible.

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The Queen's Park lease continues to engross a share of public attention, and in one shape or another has been before the courts at Osgoode Hall pretty nearly every day during the past week. There has evidently been a good deal of remissness, not to say neglect, on the part of the city authorities, and they are now reaping the crop which they have sown. The new City Solicitor is apparently doing his utmost to remedy the laches of his predecessor in office, but of course all these legal proceedings must result in a long bill of costs to be footed by the taxpayer. The one satisfactory element in this complicated piece of business is the assurance that the two avenues will be preserved for the recreation of Toronto's citizens, instead of being cut up into lots and sold to private purchasers for building purposes, as seemed all too probable a few weeks ago. Torontonians feel a proper pride in their miniature Champs Elysees, the conversion of which to private building sites would be regarded by them in the light of a public calamity.

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The spectacle of Ignatius Donnelly shedding tears in the chancel of the church at Stratford-on-Avon, as he actually did a few days ago, must have been a sight for gods and men. Of course I mean heathen gods. In the language of a late leader of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition in Canada, it was enough to sicken a horse. What on earth was he crying about? Was it because the $2,000 and ten per cent. royalty on the sale of The Great Cryptogram was so immeasurably greater than the author's labors were worth? Or was it because the said royalty was insufficient to pay the expenses of his trans-Atlantic journey? Whatever the cause may have been, the incident reminds me of the bitter tears shed by Mark Twain over the grave of Adam.

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The colored population of Toronto are very much exercised over the seemingly impending extradition of Adam Morse. Judge McDougall's decision has rather taken the public by surprise, as it was confidently expected that the application for extradition would be refused. It is presumable, however, that the judge has not arrived at a conclusion without a long and careful consideration, and I am much mistaken in my estimate of the man if he had not a more or less unconscious leaning in favor of the African. The sympathies of a generous-minded man are always on the side of the poor and lowly. Still, justice is even-handed, and must be no respecter of persons. On the evidence before him, Judge McDougall would really seem to have had but one course open for him.

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It is by no means certain, however, that Morse will be surrendered to the far from tender mercies of the Southern tribunals. It goes without saying that if he is given up, his doom is sealed. He cannot hope for a lenient or even a fair construction of his conduct by those who have not forgotten the sound of the slave-holder's lash. It is therefore gratifying to know that he will not be surrendered without a further struggle. His counsel is taking the matter before the Superior Courts. The colored population have provided the sinews of war, and the battle will doubtless be fought out to the last ditch.

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This Morse episode suggests reminiscences of the somewhat analogous case of John Anderson, which was decided in Toronto during the winter of 1861-62. Persons who are old enough to remember that famous trial will recall the tremendous excitement which took possession of the public mind at the time. The excitement in the United States was nearly as great as in Canada, and even in England the subject was for some days the all-prevailing topic in the leading newspapers. For a while it seemed not improbable that international complications might spring from it. John Anderson, it will be remembered, was a fugitive negro slave who slew his master in self defence while making a bold and successful stroke for freedom. Having made good his escape, he in due time fled to Canada, where, some years later, he was recognized by a professional slave catcher. The result was a demand for his extradition under the Ashburton Treaty. The trial took place in the Court of Queen's Bench at Toronto. That court consisted of three judges, viz: Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson and Puisne Judges Archibald McLean and Herbert Euston Burns. The Chief Justice held that the fugitive must be surrendered, and Judge Burns concurred in this view. Judge McLean held a different opinion. He maintained that an escaped slave has a right to defend his life and liberty, if necessary, even to the death. The friends of freedom were stirred to special exertions, and determined to take the case before the courts at Westminster. Before the writ could be acted upon, however, the Court of Common Pleas discharged the prisoner upon a technical question raised by his counsel, and there the business ended.

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Mr. Cleveland has received the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and is now fairly entered for the running. It does not by any means follow that he is the coming man, but it is at any rate safe to assume that he will be a formidable candidate. His nomination may be accepted as a practical endorsement by the Democratic party of his stand in the Fisheries question, but not necessarily of his economic platform generally, which will probably be materially modified before the actual opening of the campaign. The public will probably be regaled with a renewal of the unsavory disclosures of four years since, and Mr. Cleveland's declarations about the unwisdom of any man accepting a second term, will doubtless be quoted against him for all they are worth. We Canadians have only a secondary interest in the impending struggle and may safely leave our neighbors to fight it out for themselves. The indications are that it will be the keenest contest that has taken place since the Hayes and Tilden fight of 1876. It is safe to assume that nothing further of a practical nature will be done about the Fisheries question until the close of the campaign, and that the acceptance or rejection of the proposed treaty will depend upon the result.

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The recent utterances of the new Minister of Agriculture, addressed to the assembled farmers at Guelph on Tuesday last, are decidedly reassuring. His views as to the prospects for the coming harvest are hopeful, and he sees no ground for the gloomy prognostics of some of the Provincial journals. Mr. Drury may reasonably be supposed to know at least as much about the present condition of the crops in Ontario as the general run of newspaper editors, with whose conclusions on that subject he is by no means in accord. Pessimism is at best a poor business. Even the prophet Jeremiah did not greatly increase his popularity by his gloomy predictions. It is unwise to meet trouble half way. It is still more fatuous to go out of your way to find it. There seems no present reason to apprehend that the crops of 1888 will be a failure, or that the country is doomed to early extinction. Moreover, this Province is not, as formerly, totally dependent upon agriculture for its existence. Manufactures and other undertakings have sprung up here and there, and the energies of the people have found various practical outlets which would prevent general chaos even if the yield of wheat should happen to fall below the average. This country has in it the seeds of life, and it is not to be regarded as moribund merely because some uneasy souls cannot square their actual circumstances with their ambitions.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

Unprofitable Bribery.

A gift to a public functionary, to secure a contract or official favor, is called in France a *pot-de-vin*, which is a word corresponding to our term bonus. It is unfortunate, both for France and America, that there should have been enough of this sort of gifts to rise to a word to call them by; and it is fortunate for both countries that a higher standard now prevails, and that official bribery outside of some corrupt city governments, is far less common than it used to be.

After the first French republic was proclaimed, the *pot-de-vin* was called by a word which quite as completely disguised its meaning. Such official gifts were then known as "bouquets."

When "the great Carnot," grandfather of the present president of the republic, was minister of war, he once completed a contract with a large company to supply an immense amount of saddlery and horse equipments for the army. After the bargain was settled, he was taken to one side by the agent of the firm, and a portfolio was handed to him.

"What is this?" asked Carnot.

"It is your bouquet, sir."

"And what is that, please?"

"A little gift of fifty thousand francs to pay you for your trouble in this matter."

Carnot looked at the portfolio. "You've done well," said he, with a smile, "for you have made sure of an advance payment on your contract."

He then took the portfolio in one hand, passed it into the other, and handed it back to the agent.

"You have now received fifty thousand francs on your account against the government," said Carnot. "Please write a receipt, from the department of war, for that amount, and hand the receipt to the cashier as you go out."

The Sleeping Sentinel.

May the dozing sentinel in this case continue to sleep will be the earnest wish of sympathizing youth as it gazes on this picture of the old, old story, that is at the same time ever new. The young man in the foreground is evidently well up in his business and is putting in some effective work, the while sleep has relaxed the erstwhile vigilant lids of the aged duenna, who is blissfully unconscious of the progress of Love's Young Dream.

The opening of the Toronto Tennis Club for the season, on Monday last, was quite an ultra-fashionable event of the week. Unfortunately many were prevented from going on account of previously having promised themselves for Mrs. Otter's picnic, but there were quite fifty people present during the afternoon, between the hours of four and seven, and the bright summery day making it possible for ladies to don their light toilets of the season, the scene presented in the pretty grounds was an unusually gay one for an opening day. The genial secretary, Mr. Hayes, received the guests as they arrived. During the afternoon a number of sets were played by Mr. Yarker, the Misses Greene, Miss Short, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Alfred Plummer, Mr. Geddes, Mrs. Sweeny, Mr. Oliver Macklem, and some interesting contests seen, both in singles and doubles. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Raynald Gamble, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Col. Sweeny, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Wragge, Miss Scott of Ottawa, Mrs. Vansittart, Mr. Douglas Armour and Miss Madeline Spratt, Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Mr. Gordon Jones and Miss May Jones, Mr. Nichol Kingsmill with his daughter, Miss Howden and Miss Birchall, the Misses Todd, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mr. Alan MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Alec. Galt, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. Frank Jones, Mrs. and Miss Brough, Mrs. Edward Brown, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Mrs. Mallock, Miss Eva Morris, the Misses Stanley, Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Chas. Temple, Miss Dumoulin, Mrs. Walter Townsend, Miss Beardmore, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mrs. Henry Fuller, Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Sam Nordheimer, Miss Hugel of Port Hope, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, the Misses Meredith, Miss Maud McLean, Mrs. Langmuir and Miss Langmuir, Miss Louie Burton, Mr. Percy Goldingham, the Misses McCutcheon, Miss Fanny Small, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. H. D. Ellis. Of the many charming, pretty new toilets, Mrs. Mallock's bore off the palm. It was a silver gray seemingly fancifully braided with the same color and a p'quant little tulle bonnet of the pointed shape, with steel ornaments. Mrs. Bankes wore the sometimes becoming combination of navy blue and red. Mrs. Gamble's costume was of fawn, with bonnet to match. It was rather a pity that this, among other new gowns, should have suffered grief through the breaking down of part of the stand, causing the upsetting of many dainty tea cups, into as many daintily arranged laps. Miss Beardmore came arrayed in dark colors, her dress being prune color. Miss May Jones wore a very pretty costume of cadet blue, with a white fox boa.

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The lawn party at Government House, on Tuesday, opened the summer season of 1888 formally and very successfully. Miss Campbell received with the Lieutenant-Governor up till half-past five, when she repaired to the tennis court, and herself joined some of her guests in several sets. The whole house and grounds were completely thrown open to the immense number of guests. Refreshments were prepared both in the dining-room and in a marquee on the lawn. The full Citizens' Band played a choice selection of popular airs on the lawn—being stationed in the north-west corner—while Bayley's string orchestra performed for the benefit of dancers (of which there were not many) in the large ball-room north of the conservatories.

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The scene presented was brilliant and picturesque in the extreme, nothing of the kind having rivalled it before, with the exception of the garden party given by Hon. John Beverley Robinson in Government House for the British Association when they were here in 1884. Only one court was reserved for tennis, the rest of the large lawn being occupied by the moving throng of guests, of which there were about seven hundred. Miss Marjorie Campbell was gowned in Ruddigore chambray with a white straw sailor hat. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon wore a cadet blue stripe with gold embroidery on white satin, *a la militaire*, and bonnet of blue and gold lace to match. Among those present were Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bethune and the Misses Bethune, Rev. John and Mrs. Cayley, Rev. John and Mrs. Langtry, the Misses Langtry, the Misses Cayley, Rev. John Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, the Misses Foy, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. Edin and Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Nichol Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill, Miss A. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nordheimer, Miss Hugel of Port Hope, Mr. A. Morgan Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ince, Miss Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Miss Lucy Macdonald, Miss Grace Boulton, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, Mr. Percy Goldenham, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Major Harrison, Mr. and the Misses. Sewell, Mrs. Stephen Sewell, Judge and Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Miss Isabel Osler, Mr. E. A. Meredith, the Misses Meredith, Mr. W. Parker Newton, Mrs. Geo. W. Torrance, Mr. Roly Moffatt, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, Miss Gildersleeve of Kingston, Miss Mabel Henderson of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Temple, Mr. Vansittart, the Misses Todd, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brough, the Misses (John) Boulton, Mr. Fox, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Mr. Chas. Temple, the Misses Sullivan, Mr. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones and Miss May Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harmen, Major and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Crooks, Miss Dawson, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Mallock, the Misses Morris, Miss Howden, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. H. W. D. Ellis, Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge and the Misses Wragge, Miss Selina Vernon, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Hume Blake, Mrs. Douglas Armour, the Misses Spratt, Mr. Geo. Michie, Miss Scott of Ottawa, the Misses Birchall, Capt. Sears, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. Bertie Cawthra and Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie and Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Mrs. Ethel Benison of Port Hope, Miss Dumoulin, Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, Bishop Sweatman, Mrs. Fred Whitney, Miss Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Crawford, Mr. Renny Elemslie, Mrs. W. Grasett Baldwin, Miss Gwynne, Mrs. Townsend, Col. and Mrs. Sweney, Mr. and Mrs. Milfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baines, Mrs. Chris. Baines, Dr. Scadding, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. James Strachan, Mr. Stanley Clarke, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley, Mr. Wallace Jones, Miss Louis Burton, Mr. C. J. and Miss Campbell, Mr. Casimer Dixon and Mr. Harry Symous.

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Among the innumerable new and bewitching toilets, heliotrope in many shades was a favorite color; also different shades of blue and gray. There were also a number of white or cream flannel tennis gowns, which always look fresh and neat. In the way of sunshades there was not the variety of new designs that might be expected at such a fine display of new costumes; but this may be attributed to the little requirement of them, for the day, although beautifully fine, was hardly a summer day. Tulle bonnets came out in full force, made their *debut*, one might say, for although they have been well advertised as "the rage" in all the shop windows since the spring opening, this is their first public appearance. A striking frock was worn by Miss Mabel Sullivan, who has recently returned from abroad. It was smocked primrose liberty silk lined with a darker shade and beautifully draped; large hat *en suite*. Mrs. Willie Brouse was attired in a pongee silk with tulle bonnet to match with pink roses. Miss Henderson of Kingston looked very pretty in a gray suit with gray tulle bonnet. Miss Grace Boulton had on a fresh-looking cream flannel dress with honeycombed side panel, and moss green velvet reveres on the bodice—also a wide-brimmed hat. Mrs. Foster looked extremely handsome in a gray satin and jetted gown. Miss Rutherford came in black lace over white, with a demi train and bonnet, while her sister Maud was more simply attired in white, with hat of shirred muslin. Miss Gildersleeve looked stylish in a green satin and coffee-colored stripe, and bonnet. Miss Hodgins was one of those who wore cream flannel. Miss Selina Vernon's plainly made dark blue gingham was admired, with a hat *en suite*. Mrs. Alex. Galt appeared in a blue chambray with white waistcoat and blue tulle bonnet. Mrs. Allan Cassels' dark brown bonnet with pink roses, was worn in contrast to a pink chambray frock. Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and Mrs. J. J. Foy were handsomely gowned in pale pink and eau de Nile satin respectively, with tulle bonnets to match. Miss Mabel Heward, being still in light mourning, was simply dressed in a cream flannel, dotted with black and a stylish white sailor hat, caught up with a bow behind. Her cousin, Miss Alice Heward, wore cream flannel. Mrs. Torrance looked, of course, charming as usual in dark green diagonal or habit cloth with trimmings of French gray brocaded silk, bonnet to match. Miss Birchall wore pale heliotrope and white satin with a tulle bonnet. Miss Isabel Mackenzie's costume was cream cashmere with black velvet, the small hat matched, the crown being cream tulle, while the narrow brim was velvet.

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It was quite seven o'clock before all had departed, leaving the scene of recent animation and life a desolate spot.

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Miss Mabel Sullivan has returned to her home on Trinity square from abroad.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Evans and Miss Evelyn Evans of Wellington place leave early in August for Europe, where they will travel some time before settling down in their future home in Ireland. Miss Mabel Evans left on Tuesday for Montreal, where she embarked on the Allan steamer Sardinian, for Ireland. It is understood the climate on the other side agrees better with Mr. Evans' health, which is his reason for taking up his residence permanently in Ireland.

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Mr. A. O. Hoyles has left town again for the American States, to be absent all summer.

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A pretty, though simple, wedding took place at St. Luke's Church, at the corner of St. Joseph and St. Vincent streets, on Wednesday morning, the contracting parties being Mr. Stuart Strathy, inspector of the Merchants' Bank, and eldest son of Dr. G. W. Strathy, Bond street, and Miss Lizzie Ford of Russell street, and recently of Lambton Mills. The bridesmaids were Miss Ada Ford, sister of the bride, and two little children, the niece of the bride, Messie Howland, and a sister of the groom, Rosie Strathy. They were simply dressed in cream with large hats of straw, lace and flowers. The groom's only support was his brother, Mr. Wyander Strathy. The bride, a very bright and interesting brunette, was much admired in her wedding robe of white silk and lace, with honeycombed panel, orange blossoms, veil and all the usual etceteras. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Langtry, rector of St. Luke's, and was of tedious length. After the ceremony the guests, principally relatives of the bride and groom, repaired by invitation to the residence of the bride's mother, where a light luncheon and refreshments were prepared. Among those present were Mrs. Dumoulin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. McNairn of Georgia, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Strathy, Dr. Philip Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. James Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. Wedd, sr., Mr. and Mrs. Wedd, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, Mrs. McKellar and the Misses McKellar, Miss Howland, Mrs. Howland, Mr. Wm. Ford, the Misses Wilmot and Frank Strathy, the Misses Bertha and Amy Strathy. The costumes of the guests were in harmony with the general simplicity, but in some cases were pretty. Mrs. Dumoulin wore black lace with mauve waistcoat, the bonnet having mauve flowers in it. Mrs. Howland, sister of the bride, wore heliotrope, with bonnet of same. Mrs. Stirling's gown was black silk and satin stripes, with vest of white satin embroidered in gold, white straw bonnet and pink roses. Mrs. Strathy, mother of the groom, wore black lace and jet, as also did Mrs. McNairn, whose little girl was quite remarkable for her quaint little Greenaway costume of white spotted muslin, the skirt of which was tucked and the puffed sleeves tied with ribbons. Miss Amy Strathy was in fawn colored material and a hat to match. Mrs. Langtry wore brown satin with a bonnet of the same.

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All lovers of tennis will be sorry to hear that Mr. Harry Hayes, that ardent supporter of the game, and for some years the energetic secretary of the T. L. C., has had some return of the illness from which he suffered last autumn, and has had temporarily to abandon his favorite amusement.

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The Park Lawn Tennis Club has opened the season auspiciously. A visit to their grounds this week found them looking as pretty as ever, and with all their courts in vigorous use. This club is essentially a ladies' club. Instead of one afternoon in the week, ladies can play on no less than three. Nor does there seem any inclination on the part of the masculine portion of the membership to curtail the privileges of the fair sisters. Messrs. Buchanan, Macdonald, Roberts, and Baldwin are amongst the best players of the gentlemen, while Miss Moss, Miss Baldwin and Miss Galt of the ladies have few equals in Toronto.

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The Granite Lawn Tennis Club does not boast of any lady members, and its ground, encircled by a high black fence on two sides and by the two rinks on the north and west, is, of course, not to be compared to the Park Club in beauty, but the constant care of Mr. George Crawford and other hard working members has brought the turf to a high pitch of perfection, while the high walls obviate the nuisance of having to go far in search of the balls. The large At Home given last year by this club on the occasion of their match with the Hamilton club, was one of the events of the summer. So successful was it that I hear as soon as players have got into proper form a similar entertainment will be given this year. Mr. George Crawford, Mr. Ford and Messrs. Hollyer and Gibbs are said to be playing in something better than their last year's form, and will no doubt give a good account of themselves in their match against the Toronto club at the grounds of the latter to-day.

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At the Ossington L. T. C. improvements have been made since last year, and there is a considerable accession to the list of members. Brockton is so far away in the west that rumor of special promise in the play this year has not yet reached me in the east, but I have heard that the club intend to hold a large tournament as they did two years ago.

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Miss Scott, daughter Hon. R. W. Scott of Ottawa, who has been staying with Miss Marjorie Campbell at Government House, is now visiting Mrs. Mackenzie on John street.

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I have already referred to the Government House garden party. A few words more touching the matter of masculine costume. The majority seemed to have fallen on the black coat and top hat attire, but since three courts were got ready for tennis and the turf seemed in capital order, it was a pity that more people did not come prepared to play. Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. Eden Heward, Miss Scott of Ottawa, and Mr. Casimer Dickson occupied one court for two or three setts, but there was nobody else. There was a time when people would dance in the afternoon, but that time seems to be past. On the present occasion the excellent floor of the ballroom and Corlett's band only tempted a very few couples. The excellent playing of the Citizens' band, in their full strength, on a terrace in the grounds, was a subject of general remark. All kinds of those refreshments, which in summer time do most refresh, were enjoyed in two marquees on the lawn and also inside in the dining-room. The black coats and hats and white ties of fifty or sixty clergy, who for the most part congregated in one large group on the lawn, formed a striking sight. Notable features of this group were the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Canon Dumoulin, Archdeacon Boddy, Dean Geddes of Niagara, the Rev. Messrs. Pearson, Langtry, Cayley, Prof. Boyes, Prof. Clark, etc.

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The annual ball of the Argonaut Rowing Club took place on Thursday at their new and beautiful club house. The popular president of the club, Colonel Sweny, also Mrs. Sweny, had interested themselves greatly in the event, and success had attended their efforts. The music was excellent and the floor good. So strong a wind was blowing that much use could not be made of the pleasant galleries of the Club House, but this helped to concentrate the forces of the guests on the actual dancing. Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon and Mrs. Sweny, as well as many other of society's *grandes dames* assisted the success of the affair by their presence.

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The closing exercises of the Model School will take place on June 15, and promise to be more attractive than usual. An opera and three part song by the young ladies of the school are the leading features. The Misses Mara, Scales, Stockwell, Henderson, Kennedy, Dixon, Parsons, Kellogg, Love, Berkinshaw, Seath, Skinner, Peterkin, Hirst, Badgerow, Birchall, Foster and others will take part.

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NOTICE.
The public are respectfully informed that, in accordance with the directions of the will of the late Mr. Glover Harrison, arrangements have been completed for the continuance of the business under the management of Mr. H. P. Harrison, who has been for many years assistant to Mr. Glover Harrison. Mr. Harrison proceeds almost immediately to Europe to make the customary annual purchases of the latest novelties in fancy and staple goods, and no effort or expenditure will be spared, not only to retain, but to *increase* the high reputation which the "China Hall" has earned throughout the Dominion for the excellence and variety of its stock. The continued valued patronage of customers is solicited, and they are respectfully invited to inspect at any time the new goods which will be constantly arriving, as well as the large and varied stock already on exhibition. The prices will be as low as they can be made consistently with the high class of goods which it is intended to maintain.
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DRESS FABRICS, DRESS SILKS,
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Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer th atease and grace so much admired in French ladies.
The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

The great objection to silk gloves hitherto has been the amazing rapidity with which one's finger-tips crept through the points. This defect has been remedied by a London (England) firm. The new silk gloves are arranged with rows of stitching on the finger-tips, which, in addition to strengthening the gloves, cause the tops to pass lightly over the finger and across the edges of the finger nails. On the inner, or palm side, these rows of stitching receive the brunt of all the heavy wear. By this arrangement the gloves are also much more easily removed—a difficult task as a rule in warm weather. There can be no doubt as to the economy, neatness and comfort of the idea, and, I trust, it will not be necessary for colonists to wait until they are another season old before enjoying the invention.

*

Amber jewelry is to have another run on popular favor; probably because of the prevailing fancy for everything tinted yellow. I have seen some pretty devices in hair pins of clear tortoiseshell and amber, though, as a rule, amber is not done justice to in its make-up. I think jewelers might do better with it than they have in the past.

*

Novelties in bouquets are being sought after. At the last drawing room an Italian lady carried a lovely and daring bouquet, in which there was not a single flower. The whole thing was composed of gold and silver ferns, green leaves, yellow crotons and a variety of grasses.

*

An effort is being made to introduce pale tints for wedding dresses. I do not think it will meet with much success, as nothing can ever be so pretty as white where full dress is intended. Of course, if one is to follow the common-sense plan of being married in the traveling dress, pale tints may be suitable, but the change will otherwise scarcely be hailed with delight.

*

Says the New York *Sun*: "Gradually but surely women are encroaching upon man's domain, establishing precedents hitherto deemed impossible, filling positions of trust with honor and success, and making themselves a power in public as well as private life. In a celebrated Eastern college for girls there is only one man in the institution, and he does not fill the president's chair or grace the galaxy of brilliant professors and teachers for which the college is justly famous, but spends his days in the kitchen expending his divine energies and exhausting his gigantic intellect over the secrets of skillets and saucepans, for he is only the cook. This fact is ominous—this prophecy pregnant with signification." This is exactly as it should be, and if we are the fragile beings men say we are—when it suits them to say so—then the sooner all women are educated to take positions in post-offices, telegraph and insurance companies, now occupied by men, the better for both sexes. Men speak with much solicitude of the severe nervous and mental strain on women in a business life, not to mention a loss of womanliness. Yet no such alarm agitates their bosoms on seeing the so-called partner of their joys beat carpets, clean windows and handle tubs.

*

I have come to believe that the men who are making the greatest outcry against women in offices are those who are practically aware that the change of occupation for wives and sisters they are losing the most reliable and satisfactory hewers of wood and drawers of water wish whom they have ever entered into contract. For these are duties which form a daily portion of many female lives, and, to their own sorrow, they carry their characteristic reliability and energy even into the performance of these offices.

*

If it comes to a question of physical injury and severe nervous strain, the proper person to do such work as scrubbing is a man. If men would try lifting tubs and boilers for but one day, they, being reasonable beings, would assume the responsibility of cleansing the family linen from thenceforth, convinced equally by the weight of their own arguments and that of the tubs that therein lay their duty. As to the question of unwomanliness, if contact with men effaces the bloom of reserve from women, why do they do things by halves? Why not shut us up entirely from business relations with the butcher, baker and grocer with whom we are brought daily into communication? And it is a fact that though a woman's own soul may condemn the practice, though she may feel after each encounter that some virtue has gone out of her, a man, no matter what his means, never sees anything unwomanly in the lowering habit of haggling over and beating down the just demands of the butcher or baker. In fact, he rather chuckles at the proficiency in this respect which she has acquired mainly by his continual reminder that the strain on his purse must be lessened somehow. In justice to the other sex it must be confessed, however, when one remembers the unquestioning liberality with which men settle their wine and tobacco bills—often throwing in a treat to the bartender—that they can scarcely be said to give their countenance to the sordid habit.

*

But with the New York *Sun* I am inclined to think the day very near indeed when we shall have changed all this. And if women are crowding, and do crowd men out of all intellectual modes of livelihood, we, at least, shall never be guilty of the injustice of saying they shall neither be educated nor intellectual. Neither intellect nor education have yet interfered with the proper performance of manual labor, and there are many walks of life which men could adopt for which women *are* physically incapacitated. I have no doubt that such a revolution as I picture will fill the mind of the average young man with horror, for it is undeniable that many a man who glories in the bone and muscle obtained from athletic sports would deem a similar development resulting from work at the forge as his most hideous family skeleton; and the young man who recites with much gusto the pictured beauties of the Village Blacksmith's life, regards its realities with the greatest horror.

*

And yet I say we are steadily nearing a day when some women—the elect of life—shall become wives and mothers, cooking and sewing for, rearing, educating, elevating and sympathizing with the members of their families, whether male or female. Some women—not destined to marry, perhaps—shall be the insurance clerks, law clerks, professional people and business managers, their time having come to occupy some of the pleasant places of life. Yes, they may even rise to such positions as will enable them, in groups of twos and threes, to adorn the doorways on King street, enduring the severe mental and nervous strain of criticising the male passers-by. And they shall no longer tack carpets and hew kindling wood nor trifle with unwieldly tubs. And men? Well, some of them shall scrub our floors and do our washings, while some shall be the molders, the farmers, the boilermakers and stonemasons of the world; and, providing always that they are educated, intellectual, with the instincts of gentlemen, "with beards that please us and breaths that we defy not," we will love and marry them just the same, and as wives please them a thousand, nay, ten thousand times better.

*

And now our early closing by-law is to be repealed and in the "councils of the brave" it has been decided that the only trade now under the operation of the early closing by-law is groceries. This is too ridiculous. As if it were not more necessary that we should be able to procure the means of sustaining life than to have facilities for purchasing a silken gown. Not two women out of ten will make an important purchase by lamplight, and yet the girls employed in dry goods and millinery establishments have to stay all evening for the chance of selling a reel of cotton. The fact is the by-law should be repealed in all cases where the proprietor of the establishment desires to keep open, but should allow employes the choice of leaving at six o'clock or remaining to be paid for over time. This, in my opinion, would settle the difficulty sooner than any other method.

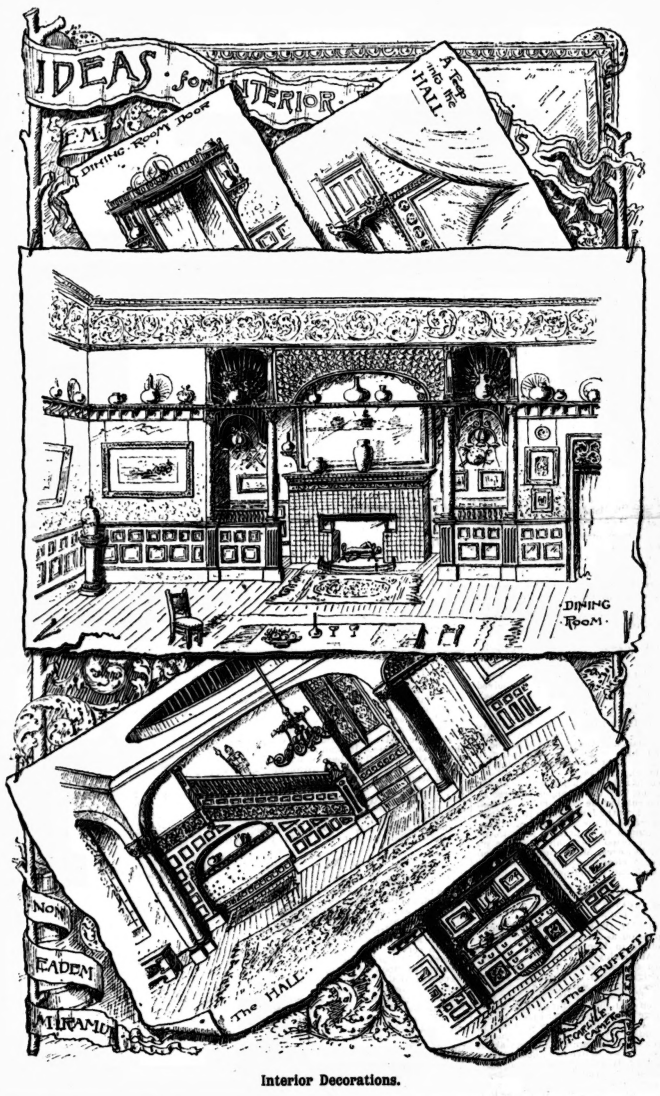
*

Innumerable bows of ribbon and yards of lace adorn summer dresses, and impart a certain air and grace that nothing else can supply. English girls have revived the fashion of Garibaldi waists. These are more shapely than in former years and have deep turn over collar and cuffs of velvet with a plaited chemisette fastened with gold studs. A soft sash, knotted at one side in loose Turkish fashion in sometimes added. This is a very convenient way of wearing out a skirt after the original bodice has become shabby.

NUOVA ALLA.

She—I see by the paper that Lawyer Marsh feels put out about this Debar business.

He—Yes, it is a fact that a man always feels put out after he has been taken in.



Interior Decorations.

And yet there is little change in the state of the combating clubs in the International Association baseball war. The surprise of the week has been the defeat of the Syracuse team by Albany. The recent change in fielding positions of the "Senators" seems to have worked wonders. The incoming of Gillespie, who was released by Troy for giving too much attention to practical bibulism, and old Jack Nelson, who was given his walking papers by Buffalo, has greatly strengthened the outfield. That Syracuse is bound to take a drop, and that in the near future, is conceded by almost everybody. The strength of the team lies in the fact that the nine is well balanced, and of course, being in the lead naturally brightens a team's chances of winning. In London the releases have been many. The directors are bound to get together but when thoughtlessness becomes offensiveness, it should be squelched in the most summary manner. Talking of the grand stand, I might suggest that the space immediately in front of the reserved seats which is unprotected by wire netting, should be closed up as soon as possible. In every game almost, a foul ball sails quietly through the hole on the people sitting above the directors' box. It can hardly be termed a pleasant surprise to have the ball smash one's hat. The directors are charged nothing for the hint. I hope they will make use of it.

*

An observant young friend of mine remarked to me the other day that the vocal baseball crank has to a large extent died out in this city. At none of the games this season have I seen any of the hat throwing, break-down clog performances which were one of the features of the grand stand last season. Perhaps the baseball public is becoming cold-blooded, or perhaps they have had too little provocation. Come to think of it, I believe there would be just as much enthusiasm as last year, if the Torontos surprised everybody by suddenly jumping into top place—may the Fates grant that they will. Since I heard that Mr. Lem Felcher has announced to a select coterie of friends that, "the Trons are butes an' cuckoos too, betcher life," I have renewed hope that my wishes will be realized.

*

The tide seems to have turned in the Toronto University Cricket Club. The eleven's creditable record so far has put new hope in the breasts of the upholders of the navy and white. May the good work continue.

*

Gentlemen of the Toronto Cricket Club, let me just whisper a word to you. It's all very well, you know, to practice batting and bowling as hard as you like, but please do try to field. Really I was disgusted with you on Saturday last. Neither of your elevens could field nearly as well as their opponents. The 'Varsity men got many runs which a good fielding eleven would make them pay dearly for attempting. Now you know you have a lot of boys up at the ground every day who can field like blue streaks. Everybody says the colts are the best fielding eleven in Toronto, if not in Ontario. How did they get there? Of course they are young, but there can be young muffs as well as old muffs. They practice fielding, gentlemen. They don't go and dress after they have had their knocks—they get a bat, and one of them knocks flies up to the others. That is the secret of their success. They win many games through their fielding. If the bowler has to field a ball, there is always one of the fielders at the wicket to take his place, as a result many and many a time the batsmen are literally bluffed out of their run. Fielding is too important to be neglected, although some of the Toronto men seem not to think so.

*

To-day—if all goes well—will see an eleven of the Toronto Cricket Club at Kingston. They should have an enjoyable trip.

*

Leigh, the Toronto Club professional, did good bowling against the Rosedale men last Saturday. Perhaps he has been keeping dark with a view of surprising the club with some phenomenal feat in the future. He certainly is not the bowler Rogers was. Neither has he that gentleman's conversational powers, which is a blessing for which we should be devoutly thankful.

*

They say it was funny to see Sheriff Reynolds keeping wicket against Parkdale. I suspect the spectators must have enjoyed the fun more than the sheriff.

*

The "Duke" is hobbling round on one foot and a stick. His sprained ankle has given him a vast amount of trouble. He holds court at the cricket ground as of yore.

*

The Toronto Cricket Club will miss Wallace Jones' services in many matches this season. His professional duties will occupy most of his time, and in the future, only on Saturdays and holidays will he be seen in the ranks of club elevens. Talking of fielding, there's a man who is as good as any of them. He would be worth his place on any eleven, if only for his work in that department of the game.

*

The Australians have at last had their victorious career checked. Lancashire did the trick, thanks chiefly to the bowling of Rev. Mr. Napier, who seems to have had everything his own way in the colonists' second innings. Turner did the best trundling for the Australians and came off well at the bat, sustaining his reputation of being the best all-rounder who has ever visited the Old Country. The scores in the match were not large, probably on account of the sogginess of the wicket. English letters say the season has, so far, been very backward.

*

This has been a great week for matters aquatic. The Toronto and Argonaut Clubs both held their spring races on Saturday last, and the daily papers have by this time told you of the results of the final ties. The officers of both clubs took a great deal of interest in the different events and have no doubt by this time mapped out the club crews pretty well. Henceforth until August, practice for the C. A. A. O. regatta will be in order.

*

There is a probability that Grinstead will take Knox's place in the Toronto Rowing Club's big four. The big bow-man finds that he has not the necessary time, and is compelled to reluctantly give up his place. He will have a worthy successor in Grinstead.

*

The Argonauts are thinking of investing in a six-oared barge. It should come in nicely for Sunday excursions to the Humber.

*

The Argonauts have a rattling good four-oared crew in Crooks' quartette, Meagher's men were in hard luck but I think the better crew won.

*

The Toronto lacrosse club ran against a large and influential snag at Paris last Saturday. Of course it was really their second twelve who encountered the Brants but they sustained an overwhelming defeat. However, it is the third in over fifty games. The club will have to hustle if it intends winning the championship this season. The retirement of so many of the old stagers leaves the twelve very weak, but coaching and practice will do a great deal towards putting the team in first-class condition.

*

From lacrosse to pedestrianism is not an abrupt transition. Many Torontonians will be pleased to hear that T. K. Henderson, now of Chicago, won the St. Louis half mile handicap starting scratch man, on a grass track, in 2:06 3-5. In the mile handicap Henderson again finished in front, in 4:43, marvelous time considering the fact that the race was run on grass.

*

So the six day race hippodromists have decided to work Toronto. There is a by no means diminutive probability that they will be sorry after the shekels are counted. Montreal is just a little too near Toronto for the same scheme to work successfully in both towns.

*

The C. A. A. O. regetta committee has decided to present each winning club with a banner. The scheme is a good one.

*

Fixtures for to-day will be found on page 11.

YAKATERAG.

Savareen's Disappearance:

A Half-Forgotten Chapter in the History of an Upper Canadian Township.

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GUEST ARRIVES AT THE ROYAL OAK.

It was getting on towards the middle of the month of August, 1859. The harvest all along the Millbrook and Spotswood road was in full progress. And a bounteous harvest it was, even for that favored region. Squire Harrington confidently counted upon a yield of fifty bushels of wheat to the acre. True, he was a model farmer, and knew how to make the most of a good season, but his neighbors were not far behind him, and were looking forward to full granaries when threshing should be over. For once there was little or no grumbling at the dispensations of Providence. The weather had been as propitious as though the local tillers of the soil had themselves had a voice in the making of it, and even gruff Mark Stellifer was constrained to admit that there were fewer grounds for remonstrating with the Great Disposer of events than usual at this season of the year. Every wheatfield in the township presented an active spectacle throughout the day. The cradles were busily plied from early morn till nightfall, and the swaths of golden grain furnished heavy work for the rakers and binders. The commercial crisis of 1857 had made itself felt in this district, as well as in other parts of Upper Canada. Many of the farmers had fallen considerably behindhand, and had for once in a way felt the pinch of hard times. But the prolific crops which were now being gathered in bade fair to extricate them from such obligations as they had been compelled to incur, and the prevailing tone was one of subdued though heartfelt satisfaction.

On the evening of Saturday, the 13th of the month, sundry of the yeomen who had thereabouts assembled at Lapierre's, after a hard week's work, to congratulate one another on the prospects of the harvest, and to discuss a few tankards of the reaming ale for which the Royal Oak was famous throughout the township. The landlord himself was on hand as usual, to dispense the hospitalities of his bar and his larder. The five years which had rolled over his head since that memorable night of Savareen's disappearance had left but slight traces of their passage upon his jovial countenance. He had never been able to fathom the mysterious secret of that strange July night, but he had all along been wont to remark that the mystery would be cleared up some day, and that he confidently expected to hear tidings of the missing man before he died. As for his guests, though most of them had resided in the neighborhood at the time of the disappearance, they had long ceased to give themselves any particular concern about the matter. So long as there had seemed to be any prospect of getting to the bottom of the affair, they had taken a vigorous part in the search, and had exerted themselves to bring the mystery to light; but when month succeeded month without supplying any clue to the puzzle, they had gradually resigned themselves to the situation, and seldom, if ever, the topic came up for discussion at their Saturday night meetings, they seldom indulged in anything more than a passing allusion to it.

Ten o'clock had struck, and it seemed improbable that any further company would arrive. The assembled guests, to the number of seven or eight, sat in their accustomed places around a goodly-sized table in the room behind the bar. Lapierre occupied an easy chair, placed near the door communicating with the bar, so as to be handy in case of his being needed there. Farmer Donaldson had just regaled the circle with his best anecdote, the Roast Beef of Old England, which he flattered himself he could render with fine effect. Having concluded his performance, he sat modestly back in his elbow-chair, and bowed to the vociferous plaudits accorded to him. The tankards were then charged afresh, and each man devoted himself to the task of his thirst for the next minute or two. Mine host had promised to give Faintly as Tolls the Evening Chime in the course of the evening, and was now called upon to redeem his pledge.

"Ah," he remarked, "that vas always a faforite song of mine. And ton't you remember how fond of it our friend Saturnum used pe? He used to call for it regularly efery Saturday night, shoost before supper, in the good times. Ah, put that was a strange peesiness. I haf never peen able to think of it without perspiring." And so saying, he dived into the pocket of his white linen jacket, and produced therefrom a red silk handkerchief, with which he mopped his beaming countenance until it shone again.

"Ay," responded Farmer Donaldson, "that was the strangest thing as ever happened in these parts. I wonder if it will ever be cleared up."

"You know my opinion about that," resumed the host. "I always said he vould turn up. But is—let me see—yes, it is more than fife years ago it was on the night of the full moon in month of Chooly, 1854; and here it is, the middle of August, 1859. Well, vell, how the years go py! Saturnum was a coot sort. I thought much of him, and woot like to see him once again."

"I don't say but what he was a good fellow," remarked one of the company; "but I can tell you he had a devil of a temper of his own when his blood was up. I remember one night in this very room when he had some words with Sam Dolson about that black mare of his. He fired up like a tiger, and that scar on his cheek glowed like a carbuncle. It seemed as if it was going to crack open. I was sure he was going to drop into Sam, and he would 'a done, too, if our landlord hadn't interfered and calmed him down."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Farmer Donaldson; "Savareen had his tempers, no doubt, when he had been drinking more free than common; but he was a jolly fellow, all the same. I wish he was with us at this moment."

This sentiment was pretty generally received, and ejaculations of assent had hardly a rather heavy footstep was heard to enter the adjoining bar-room from outside. The landlord rose and passed out through the door way, to see if his services were required. The door of communication was left open behind him, so that the company in the inner room had no difficulty in seeing and hearing everything that took place.

In the middle of the bar room stood a short, heavy-set man, whose dust-covered clothing proclaimed him to be a stranger in those parts. He was apparently middle-aged—say somewhere from thirty-five to forty. His attire was of expensive material, but cut after a style more *pronounce* than was then seen in Canada, or than has ever since been much in vogue here. His hat was a broad-brimmed Panama, which cost twenty dollars if it cost a penny. His coat—so far as could be seen under his thin summer duster—was of fine bluish cloth, short of waist, long of skirt, and—the duster notwithstanding—plentifully besprinkled and travel-stained with dust. The waistcoat, which seemed to be of the same material as the coat, was very open-breasted, and displayed a considerable array of shirt-front. Across the left side of it hung a heavy gold watch-chain, from which depended two great bulbous-looking seals. On his feet he wore a pair of gaiters of cinnamon leather, white from the dust of the road. In one hand he carried a light, jaunty Malacca cane, while the other grasped a Russia-leather portmanteau, called by him and by persons of his kind a valise. He wore no gloves—a fact which enabled you to see on the middle finger of his left hand a huge clustered diamond ring, worth any price from a thousand dollars upwards. His face was closely shaven, except for a prominent moustache. He had crisp, curling black hair, worn tolerably short. His eyes were rather dull and vacant, not because he was either slow or stupid, but because he felt, or affected to feel, a sublime indifference to sublunary things. You would have taken him for a man who had run the gauntlet of all human experiences—a man to whom nothing presented itself in the light of a novelty, and who disdained to appear much interested in anything you might say or do. Taken altogether, he had the foreign, or rather cosmopolitan look characteristic of the citizen of the United States who has led an unsettled, wandering life. His aspect was fully borne out by his accent, when he began to speak.

"Air you the landlord?" he asked, as the host stepped forward to greet him.

He received a reply in the affirmative.

"This, then, is the Royal Oak tavern, and your name is Lapierre, air?"

Two nods signified the host's further assent to these undeniable propositions.

"Have you got a spare bedroom, and can you put me up from now till Monday morning?"

The landlord again signified his assent, whereupon the stranger put down his cane and valise, took off his cap, and proceeded to divest himself of his wrapper.

"You had supper?" asked Lapierre.

"Well, I had a bite down at Millbrook, but I know your Saturday night customs at the Royal Oak, and if you hain't got any objections I'd like to take a hand in your eleven o'clock supper. To tell the truth, I'm shaver-set, and I know you always have a bite of something appetizing about that time."

Upon being informed that supper would be ready at the usual hour, and that he would be welcome to a seat at the board, he signified a desire to be shown to his room, so that he could wash and make himself presentable. In response to an enquiry about his horse, he intimated that that animal for the present consisted of Shanks's mare, but he had ridden into town with Squire Harrington, and dismounted at that gentleman's gate. "The Squire offered to drive me on as far as here," he added; "but as it was only a short walk I reckoned I'd come on afoot."

Without further parley the guest was shown to his chamber, whence he emerged in a few minutes later, and presented himself before the company assembled in the room behind the bar.

"Hope I ain't intruding, gentlemen," he remarked, as he took a vacant seat at the lower end of the table; "I've often heard of the good times you have had here on Saturday nights. Heard of 'em when I was a good many hundred miles from here, and when I didn't expect ever to have the pleasure of joining your mess. Guess I'd better introduce myself. My name's Thomas Jefferson Haskins. I live at Nashville, Tennessee, where I keep a hotel and do a little in horseflesh now an' agin. Now, I shall take it as a favor if you'll allow the landlord to re-fill your glasses at my expense, and then drink good luck to my acquaintance." All this with much volubility, and without a trace of bashfulness.

The company all round the table signified their hearty acquiescence, and while the landlord was replenishing the tankards, the stranger proceeded to further enlighten them respecting his personal affairs. He informed them that a man had cleared out from Nashville about six months ago, leaving him, the speaker, in the lurch for the time to the tune of seven hundred dollars. A few days since he had learned that the fugitive had taken up his quarters at Spotswood, in Upper Canada, and he had accordingly set out for that place with intent to obtain a settlement. He had reached Millbrook by seven o'clock express this evening, only to find that he was still fifteen miles from his destination. Upon inquiry, he learned that the stage from Millbrook for Spotswood ran only once a day, leaving Millbrook at seven o'clock in the morning. There would not be another stage until Monday morning. He was on the point of hiring a conveyance, and of driving through that night, when all of a sudden he had remembered that Lapierre's tavern was on the Millbrook and Spotswood road, and only three miles away. He had long ago heard such accounts of the Royal Oak and its landlord, and particularly of the Saturday night suppers, that he had resolved to repair thither and remain over for Monday's stage. "I was going to hire a livery to bring me out here," he added, "but a gentleman named Squire Harrington, who heard me give the order for the buggy, told me he lived close by the Royal Oak, and that I was welcome to ride out with him, as he was just going to start for home. That saved me a couple of dollars. And so, here I be."

Lapierre could not feel otherwise than highly flattered by the way the stranger referred to his establishment, but he was wholly at a loss to understand how the fame of the Royal Oak, and more especially of the Saturday night suppers, had extended so so great a distance as Nashville. In response to his inquiries on these points, however, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Haskins gave a clear and lucid explanation, which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GUEST CREATES A SENSATION AT THE ROYAL OAK.

"Well," said Mr. Haskins, "I didn't hear of you quite so far off as Nashville. It was when I was travelling in Kentucky buying horses, last year. At Lexington I fell in with an English chap named Randall, who used to live in this neighborhood. I hired him to buy horses for me. He was with me about three months, an' if I could only 'a kept him sober he'd been with me yets, for he was about as keen a judge of a horse as ever I came across in my born days, and knew mighty well how to make a bargain. Well, we hadn't been together a week afore he begun to tell me about a place where he used to live in Canada West, where he had a little money went a long way, and where good horses could be bought cheap. He wanted me to send him up here to buy for me, and I don't know but I should 'a done it if I'd found he was to be trusted. But he would drink like all creation when he had money. Old Bourbon was a thing he couldn't resist. He had an awfully poor opinion of all the rest of our American institootions, and used to say they wan't o' no account as compared to what he used to have at home in England; but when he come to Bourbon whisky, he was as full-mouthed as uncle Henry Clay himself. He swored that there wan't anything better in England or in Canada to touch it. An' when he got four or five inches of it inside him, there was no gittin' along with him nohow. There wan't anything on airth he wouldn't do to git a couple of inches more, and when he got them he was the catawampiousest critter I ever did see. You couldn't place any more dependence on him than on a free nigger. Besides, he used to neglect his wife, and a man who neglects his wife ain't a man to trust with a couple o' thousand dollars at a time. No sir-ree! Not much, he ain't. But, as I was sayin', the way he used to harp on this place o' Lapierre's was mighty good. Whenever we used to get planted down in one of our cross-road taverns, he'd turn up his nose till you could see clean down into his throat into his stomach. The fact is, our country taverns ain't up to much, an' sometimes I could hardly stand 'em myself. When we'd come in after a hard day's ridin', and git sot down to a feed of heavy short-cake and fat pork, then Randall 'ud begin to blow about the grub up here at Lapierre's. He used to tell about the hot suppers served up here to a passel o' farmers on Saturday nights till I most got sick o' hearin' him. But I see your mugs air empty again, gentlemen. Landlord, please to do your dooty, and score it up to yours truly."

During this long harangue the assembled guests alternately scanned the speaker and each other with inquiring but vacant countenances. They were puzzling themselves to think who this Randall could be, as no man of that name had ever been known in that community. When Mr. Haskins paused in his discourse, and gave his order for replenishment, Farmer Donaldson was about to remonstrate against this second drain at the expense of a stranger, and to propose that he himself should stand sponsor for the incoming refreshments. But before he could get out a word, the landlord suddenly jumped from his seat with a white, agitated face.

"Tell me," he said, addressing the stranger—"What kind of a chap is this Rantall? Please to scripe his features."

"Well," drawled the person addressed, after a short pause—"there ain't much to describe about him. He's a tallish fellee—fully four inches taller'n I be. He's broad and stout—a big man generally. Weighs, I should say, not much short of fifteen stone. Rather light-complected, and has a long cut in his face that shows awful white when he gits his back up. Thought he pretty nearly scared me with that gash one night when he was drunk. It seemed to open and shut like a clam-shell, and made him look like a Voodoo priest! You'd think the blood was goan to spurt out by the yard."

By this time every pair of eyes in the room was attached to the speaker, and there was an expression of bewildered astonishment. Not a man there but recognized the description as a vivid, if somewhat exaggerated portraiture of the long-lost Reginald Bourchier Savareen.

The stranger from Tennessee readily perceived that he had produced a genuine sensation. He paused for a minute or two, the minute without speaking. Then he gave vent to his surcharged feelings by the exclamation: "For the land's sake!"

An air of speechless bewilderment still pervaded the entire group. They sat silent as statues, without motion, and almost without breath.

Lapierre was the first to recover himself. By a significant gesture he imposed continued silence upon the company, and began to ask questions. He succeeded in eliciting some further pertinent information.

Haskins was unable to say when Randall had acquired a familiarity with the ways and doings of the people residing in the vicinity of the Royal Oak, but it must have been some time ago, as he had lived in the States long enough to have become acquainted with various localities there. As to when and why he left Canada the stranger was also totally ignorant. He knew, however, that Randall was living in the city of New York about three months ago, as he had seen him there, and had visited him at his lodgings on Amity street in May, when he (Haskins) had attended as a delegate to a sporting convention. At that time Randall had been employed in some capacity in Hitchcock's sale stable, and made a few dollars now and again by breeding dogs. He lived a needy hand-to-mouth existence, and his poor wife had a hard time of it. His drinking habits prevented him from getting ahead in the world, and he never stuck long in one place. The speaker had no doubt that he might still be heard of at Hitchcock's by anybody who wanted to hunt him up. "But," added Mr. Haskins, "I hope I haven't got him into trouble by coming here to-night. Has he done anything? Anything criminal, I mean?"

After a moment's deliberation, Lapierre told the whole story. There was no doubt in the mind of any member of the company that Randall had Savareen's blood on his hands, poor devil as he was. The one important question for consideration was: What use ought to be made of the facts thus strangely brought to light?

By this time supper was announced, and the stranger's news, exciting as it was, did not prevent the guests from doing ample justice to it. Haskins was loud in his praises of the "spread," as he termed it. "Jack Randall," he remarked, "could lie when he had a mind to, but he told the holy truth when he allowed you up as far ahead of the Kentucky cooks. Yes, I don't mind if I do take another mouthful of that frickersee. Dog me if it don't beat canvas-backs."

Before the meeting broke up it was agreed on all hands that for the present it would be advisable for the guests to allow the morrow to pass before saying anything to their wives or anyone else about Mr. Haskins's disclosures. It was further resolved that the gentleman should accompany Lapierre to Millbrook after breakfast in the morning, and that Mrs. Savareen's father should be made acquainted with the known facts. It was just possible, after all, that Jack Randall might be Jack Randall, and not Savareen, in which case it was desirable to save the lost man's wife from cruel disappointment to no purpose. It would be for her father, after learning all that they knew, to communicate the facts to her or to withhold them, as might seem best to him. On this understanding the company broke up on the stroke of midnight. I am by no means prepared to maintain that their pledges were in all cases kept, and that they each and every one went to sleep without telling their wives into confidence respecting the strange disclosures of the night.

CHAPTER X.

NO. 77 AMITY STREET.

The next day was Sunday, but this circumstance did not deter Lapierre from hitching up his horse and conveying his guest out to Millbrook at an early hour. The pair called at the house of Mrs. Savareen's father before ten o'clock, and had a long interview with him. Church services began at eleven, but it was remarked by the Methodist congregation, and commented upon as a thing almost without precedent, that Mrs. Savareen and her father were both absent on that day.

The old gentleman was much disturbed by what he heard from Mr. Haskins. The poor father had passed through an ordeal of great suffering, and had finally become reconciled to her lot. To tell her this news would be to open the old wounds afresh, and to bring back the domestic grief which time had about dispelled. Yet his course seemed clear. To tell her the truth was an imperative duty. It would be shameful to permit her to go on mourning for one who was in every way unworthy, and who might turn up at any unexpected moment to the destruction of her peace of mind. Moreover, the secret was already known to too many persons to admit of any hope that it would be permanently kept. The truth must be told, and there could be no question that her father was the proper person to tell her. She would, have, wish to personally see and converse with the man who had brought the news, so there was no time to be lost. Leaving his two visitors to await his return, the old man set out with a sad heart for his daughter's house. He found her and her little boy just ready to set out for church, but the first glance at her father's face told her that something had happened, and that there would be no church-going for that day. She sat pale and trembling as she listened, and the old man himself was not much more composed. He broke the news as gently as he could, and she bore it better than he had expected, sup pressing her agitation, and taking in all the details without interruption. Even when all the circumstances had been laid before her, she could not doubt her husband's identity. Possibly she might extract something from him which others had failed to elicit. Her father accordingly went back to his own home, and brought Mr. Haskins over. The three spent several hours in talking of the affair, but finally took his leave, promising to call on his way back from Spotswood.

Father and daughter spent the evening together, and tried to reach some definite conclusion as to what, if anything, ought to be done. There could be no reasonable doubt that Randall and Savareen were one. Still, there was just the shadow of doubt, and the want of absolute certainty made it impossible for Mrs. Savareen to leave the question as it stood. She felt that she must know the whole truth.

A course was finally resolved upon. Father and daughter would start for New York without delay, and probe the matter to the bottom. The news could not be wholly kept from the stepmother, but she was enjoined to maintain a strict silence on the subject until further light would be thrown on the matter. Master Reginald was temporarily left in her charge.

They started for New York by the mid-day express on Monday, and reached their destination on Tuesday afternoon. Lodgings were secured at a quiet, respectable hotel, and then the old man set out alone to hunt up Hitchcock's stable. He had no difficulty in finding it, and the man in charge of the office readily gave him the information he sought. Jack Randall was no longer employed at the establishment, but he lodged with his wife at No. 77 Amity street. The best time to catch him at home was early in the morning. He was a night-bird turn, and generally spent his evenings about town. He was supposed to be pretty hard up, but that was his chronic condition, and so far as anyone was aware, he was sober. With these tidings the father returned to his daughter.

Mrs. Savareen could not bear the idea of permitting the evening to pass without some further effort. She determined to pay a visit to 77 Amity street, in person, and if possible to see the man herself. A servant-maid in the hotel undertook to pilot her to her destination, which was but a short distance away. It was about eight o'clock when she set out, and the light of day was fast disappearing. Upon reaching the corner of Amity street and Broadway, she dismissed her attendant, and made the rest of the journey alone. The numbers on the doors of the houses were a sufficient direction for her, and she soon found herself ringing the bell of 77.

Her summons was answered by a seedy-looking porter. Yes, Mrs. Randall was upstairs in the room on the third story. Mr. Randall was out. The lady could easily find the way for herself. Second door to the left, on the third story, leading up. Her informant the man disappeared into the darkness at the rear of the house, leaving the visitor to grope her way up two dimly-lighted stairways as best she could.

The place was evidently a lodging-house of very inferior description to be so near the central business quarter, and just round the corner. The halls were uncarpeted, and, indeed, without the least sign of furniture of any sort. As Mrs. Savareen slowly ascended one flight of stairs after another, she began to wonder if she had not done an unwise thing in venturing alone into a house and locality of which she knew nothing. She reached at last the third story she found herself in total darkness, except for such faint twilight as found its way through a back window. The moonlight was just sufficient to enable her to perceive the second door on the left. She advanced towards it and knocked. A female voice responded by an invitation to enter. She could hear the knob of the door and advanced into the room.

(To be Continued.)

An Unromantic Swain.

Cutting it across the country at midnight—otherwise eloping to get married—is a custom that has long prevailed in Kentucky. Many have gone to Gretna Green for the purpose of marrying if they couldn't run away and do it. Young men in that favored region are of that way of thinking, too. But there was one who doesn't feel that way, as the following shows:

"Mother, young Brown was in the store today, and he said he wanted to marry our Kate," said an old gentleman down in Kentucky to his spouse.

"Well, Brown's a good fellow," she replied, "and I don't know of any reason why not."

"That's what I thought, so I got red in the face and pretended to be mad, just as your father did when I asked for you, you remember, and told him I'd get out of the house off my premises, or I'll set the dogs on ye, you young scamp!"

"Then he proposed an elopement, then," said the wife, with a smile of pleasure, recalling the result in their case.

"No, there wasn't," replied the husband, with a sigh of discontent.

"Why not? That's the way it always works in Kentucky."

"Well, he's a smart one, mother, and no mistake. He first gave me the wink, and says he:

"'Father-in-law, I'm dead sot agin elopements. Too much trouble. The Ohio style of getting married on the premises is good enough for me. I know it ain't popular in Kentuck. It aint so romantic as it ought to be across the country at midnight, escaping across the river in a dug-out and hunting a strange justice of the peace who chews juice tobacco while he ties the knot; but I ain't romantic. For a starter I want the milch cow and the bed-clothes, the trousseau and other kitchen utensils to go with the happy bride of mine.'

"'And what are you going to do about it?' asked the wife.

"'Do? Why, sell some hogs and rig Kate out, of course. What else can I do?'"

Faint Heart.

There is an axiom to the effect that any man can marry any woman he wants to marry. It always makes the proud woman flush to the brow. She indignantly repudiates it. Pure matter of form. The axiom needs but one amendment to become the truest word that ever was uttered. Any clever man—the clever is the important point—can marry most assuredly almost whomsoever he wishes. Staying power is the only thing which ensures success is ultimately achieved. No especial cleverness is needed for that course, pure and simple, but it takes a good deal of cleverness for the type of the stayers, and though most men nowadays would prefer not to have their reward fourteen years after marriage, they need for her, if they are bound to get there and don't know any other way, their best wisdom is still to sit down before the fortress and wait patiently for the above all.

Still, the Jacobite mode of procedure can really not be called brilliant. Jacob was the sort of man, though, to whom most other women nowadays would vote a bore. They would have more respect—a perverted sentiment, of course—for that bedeviling Richard who could steal Queen Anne's heart by the very corpse of her husband, and though halting and mis-shapen so that the dogs barked at him and not "mount and mounted, amounted upon glass," still knew so well how to play upon every string of woman's nature and bewitch her will and senses out of her mortal coil. Yet in Shakespeare's brain! Some few of his pattern still walk among us, though perhaps in less Mephistophelian outward guise, and the masculine clodhoppers who tramp about on egg shells with cowhide boots and self-satisfied countenances still wonder what the devil the attraction can be in those fellows.

In nine cases out of ten it won't be looks, assuredly. A handsome man is always vain, frequently insipid, and usually occupied with himself. A woman finds no charm in a man who is occupied with himself. He must be occupied with her. The greatest seducers of legend and history were not fashioned upon the rules of the barber's block. Don Juan and Lothario may have been exceptions. But if they had physical beauty, be sure they were not vain of it—at least not so that their victims could feel the vanity. Else would there have been no victims to speak of.

Woman wants devotion, a plenty of it—an enormous plenty of it! But devotion blind as justice, gullible as faith—that she does not value at the price it would command in any other market. Poor Des Grieux remained unalterably tied to the short and frolicsome petticoat of Marion Lescaut throughout all her stormy career. Father, brother, lover, husband rolled into one could not have been more true, more inalienably self-forgetful. But only in the wilderness, with death upon her and nothing further to hope for, did this ungraceful creature give him some measure of true love in return. A slave and a master in one—each skilfully in turn—the love of the "moth for the star" one moment, of fire for that which it consumes the next, or a seeming of all this—that is what no woman has weapons against.

The men who don't succeed to any extent early or late, are the "manny" men. In this the sexes differ. There is abundant proof that the strong sex appreciates the super-feminine little women, the little women whose children and servant are like no other children and servants, who always believed that husbands grew on a tree, and who say, "Oh, my!" But women, on the contrary, are not thrilled to any degree by essential manniness. For instance, they never carve quite so much for a man after they have once told him, when he had a felon on his finger, that he needn't groan so loud. Nor have they quite the same feeling for him after seeing him—he having come home late in a Corsair-like humor and declared that he could eat no dinner—clatter vigorously with his knife and fork to attract attention to his abstinence, and finally pitch into the roast beef with a darkling grumpiness that remains unrelieved throughout the evening, notwithstanding the more fervidly solicited to partake of the staff of life.

These little domesticities are trying to the woman whose sympathies are with her husband. The palladium of our liberties may rest upon the shoulders of these men. But of such is not the kingdom of the conquerors of women.

A Deadly Insult.

Ragged Jo—Uncle Nace, your wool is gettin' gray.

Uncle Nace—Look, yar, Jo, yer kin call dis man er fool; yer kin call me not yer feet onto dis veteran's corns, but when yer go an' call dis yar hair wool, yer insults de woman dat useter tote me errouin'. Yer har? Dat's what I sez.

Mutual Confidence.

"Charles, dear, now that we are married there should be no secrets between us, so please hand me the bottle of hair dye you will find on my dressing table."

Johnnie the Punster.

Johnnie—Mamma, why do they call ministers doctors?

Mother—I can't tell, Johnnie.

Johnnie—Perhaps it's because they're the pillars of the church, mamma.

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The Prince of San Miguel's Love-Match.

The city of Aguamira was enjoying its afternoon siesta, or tranquilly blowing the blue smoke of countless cigarettes heavenwards, but in the royal palace all was confusion and despair. Every bristle in the king's mustache and imperial stood at right angles with rage, and his little red eyes flashed such fire that none of his attendants dared stay in the throne-room. The queen's apartments were noisome with the smell of burnt feathers, and echoing with screams and sobs, for her majesty was in hysterics, and most of the ladies-in-waiting had, as in duty bound, followed so august an example. Even the lap-dog, finding his comfort interfered with, yapped loudly, and the parrot, fancying itself back in the forecastle, swore all the most horrible oaths it could lay its beak to.

And meanwhile the cause of all this uproar, the Crown Prince of San Miguel, was pacing his room in solitary state, chewing as much of his incipient mustache as he could get into his mouth, and pouring forth an incoherent rhapsody of love to some fair unknown. He swore that he would be ever faithful to his adored one, and that his father, his mother, and even the regal crown of San Miguel might go hang for all he cared. With the sweet recklessness of youth he avowed his intention of flinging all his prospects to the four winds, and entering upon married life with an income of nothing a year, and a prospect of less, if only the loved object would share his lot. This then was the reason of all the uproar in the palace; the Crown Prince of San Miguel had refused to marry a princess, and had declared his unalterable intention of making a love-match.

Naturally this was more than his majesty's temper—never very equable at the best of times—could stand. He fumed and raged at the bare idea of his son venturing to think of marriage with one who was only the daughter of a nobleman of Spanish descent, and not of the blood royal. The king was all the more particular on this point, as he had not been born in the purple himself. Ten years ago the kingdom of San Miguel had been a republic, but people had almost forgotten that fact, and no one had been quicker to hurry that fact into oblivion than their Majesties. The last president had been hunted out of their country at the close of the disastrous war with the rival republic of San Jose, and his Majesty, Fernando the First, who had quitted the calling of a fisherman to enter the army, and had risen from simple private to generalissimo at the rate of a step a day, was raised to the throne amid the acclamations of that portion of the populace which had had the foresthought to stop at home and have a revolution instead of running unnecessary risks upon a battlefield. The first thing that his Majesty did upon coming into his kingdom was to drop those of his old friends who could be conveniently ignored, and to raise to the ranks of the nobility those who by their pertinacity or intimate knowledge of their ruler's antecedents, had deserved the honor. Many more were shot or exiled, and peace having been concluded with San Jose through the medium of a loan raised at exorbitant interest in Europe, King Fernando the First and his faithful subjects entered upon a period of peace and prosperity. The first thing they did was to repudiate their debt to Europe; but as they were not worth powder and shot, the only thing the Powers could do was to recall their representatives, for which the San Miguelans were profoundly thankful, and which did more than anything else to strengthen the new dynasty upon its throne.

For ten years all went well, and such times had never been known in the country before. Revolutions in San Miguel had occurred during the Republic once in three and a third years on an average, and, although a few old reds had begun to make themselves conspicuous when the usual cycle came round, yet nothing had happened. True, King Fernando the First passed many sleepless nights during the dangerous epoch of three and a third years had been safely got over; but a judicious distribution of what was left of the European loan to the army, and the subsequent shooting of some of the more noisy traffickers in patriotism, very soon put matters straight, and San Miguel once more went to sleep in the sun, satisfied that, as long as its King was on the throne, honest men might go peaceably about their business without fear of being knocked on the head by fantastic and self-seeking revolutionists. And now everything was upset by this mad infatuation of the Crown Prince, and his determination to marry the daughter of a simple nobleman instead of one of the South American Princesses. The ferment had not as yet descended from the Palace to the streets, but soon all San Miguel would be divided into those for the marriage and those against it; and no one knew better than the king himself what small causes often bring about great events. Nothing, however, would move the prince; neither the threats of his father nor the entreaties of his mother could make him waver in his resolve, and the king in despair began to school himself to the horrible degradation involved in the marriage.

But all of a sudden, something quite unexpected occurred. The old Count di Genipapo was first told of his daughter's engagement by a thoughtful friend, and he at once stumped home in a towering rage. What chiefly roused his anger was his friend's suggestion that of course, such a *mesalliance* would never be permitted by the King, and the more he thought it over, the more furious he got. In the old count's eyes, the king was no king, but only a glorified fisherman, and he averred, and with perfect truth, that he would rather see his daughter dead than married to the son of a man who, in mind and manner, and in all but position, was little better than one of his own servants. The fair Juanita had a terrible time of it when her father reached his house. She was rated in the roundest language for daring to think of love and marriage with one so lowly born. In vain she pleaded her love; the veteran would have none of it. His own youth had been stormy, but the days of his love-making were over, and like other old men he was apt to imagine that everyone had quitted the lists of love at the same time as himself. Juanita, having been in mortal terror, lest her own comparatively lowly station should be final bar to her marriage, was greatly astonished to hear her father declaring that her lover, the prince, was not sufficiently well born to aspire to her hand.

"Oh, father!" cried Juanita, "I am not worthy of him!"

"Not worthy of him!" gasped the count; "You a Di Genipapo!"

"He is a prince!"

"A prince! oh, oh, oh!" moaned the old man.

"And his father is the king."

"The king!" screamed the count, now fairly beside himself with rage, "a pretty king! He was a fisherman, and may be one again before very long!"

At the dreadful threats of high treason contained in the last sentence all the count's servants, who had been religiously listening at the door, raced off for the palace, falling over one another in their eagerness to be the first to lay the important information before the prefect of police. By the time the panting domestics had all been examined the prefect was in full possession of every detail of the horrid plot, and was aware that the Count di Genipapo was marching upon them with a huge army of horse, foot and artillery. He therefore hastily barricaded the palace, and made ready either to sell his life dearly or to make terms with the count, whichever course seemed most in accordance with his own interests.

But though the expected enemy never came, yet there was commotion in the city. During the midday heat nothing in the world could rouse Aguamira from its neontide torpor, but the siesta was now over, and people were stretching themselves and ready for a new scandal or sensation. The Crown Prince's engagement was a windfall to them, and for days they argued for and against it over their coffee, their cigarettes and their raw spirits. The city was divided into the prince's party and the count's party, and all the while the prefect of police stood behind the barricaded gates of the palace peeping through the bars for the enemy who did not come. There seemed great danger of a civil war breaking out, for arguments ran high; words led to blows, and blows to drawing knives; but the San Miguelans, though shrill of voice and lavish of gesticulation, were on the whole a cautious and prudent race of men, and no bones were broken. And all this time his Majesty King Fernando the First was wrestling with his pride, and trying to subordinate his ambition to found a royal family to his son's happiness, while the Queen had long since made up her mind to accept any daughter-in-law her son might bring her, without a word of protest.

At some of the cafes arguments still ran high, although the nine days' wonder of the prince's engagement was beginning to die down, when a new sensation convulsed the city. The crown prince and Juanita di Genipapo suddenly re-appeared as man and wife, having slipped away and been married secretly while the great discussion on their engagement was going on. The whole city was taken aback and enraged at having its pet scandal taken from it before it had had time to thoroughly digest the matter. The unwonted excitement had inflamed the populace and made them ripe for anything, and as the prince had got married they determined on a revolution. Before very long, and no one knew exactly how or why, the mob was surging towards the palace, shouting and yelling and crying out for a change in the Government. The Prefect of Police double-locked the gates, and peeped out at the long-expected host. His experience told him that the game was up, and so, giving strict orders that the gates were to be defended to the last, he rushed into the palace, pocketed all the portable articles of value that he could lay his hands on, and slipping out by a side door, was, in another moment, one of the most prominent leaders of the attack on the Palace. Their Majesties, aroused by the unusual uproar, looked out of the window, and then at one another. Their instinct brought them at once to the conclusion of the Prefect of Police. They had always looked forward to some such experience as this, and had long since made their preparations. With praiseworthy foresight the king had regularly invested everything not absolutely needed for good living in large purchases of diamonds, and it did not take the worthy couple many minutes to conceal a very considerable amount of property about their persons. Very soon after the Prefect had quitted the palace by the side door, their Majesties, without the slightest show of regret at their downfall, went out by the servants' entrance, and got safely on board an American ship in the harbor. Hardly had they got safely away, when the mob stormed the gates; the guards, who, not having the intellectual capacity of their chief, had foolishly stuck to their posts, were shot down, and the worst riff-raff of the streets poured into the deserted palace. The Prefect, having shown himself a true friend of popular liberty, went home, and placed his little mementoes of his late sovereign in security till quieter times should come, and the next morning the mob elected a popular potboy, who sung a good comic song, to be their ruler, under the style and title of Emperor of all the San Miguelans.

The newly-married prince and princess, thus rudely interrupted in their honeymoon, did not stop long in San Miguel, but, with the Count, joined the ex-King and Queen in New York, where, as is only natural in a republic, they became the lions of the people, and achieved a great social success. Nor were they, to any great extent, handicapped by their ex-majesties, whose vulgarities were effectually concealed by the Sam Slick version of the Spanish language. They disposed of their diamonds to the very best advantage, and did not invest the proceeds in the loan which the Emperor of all the San Miguelans contracted immediately after his accession; but for all that, the prince and princess are very happy, and, though it cost them a throne, have never regretted their love match.

A gentleman said to a minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon Logan?"

"Never," said the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."

'Tis a Wise Child, Etc.

Papa (of Calvinistic faith, has just heard that Mollie was at the theater last evening)—Good morning, Daughter of Satan.
Mollie—Good morning, Father.

In the Dressing-Tent.

Wild Zulu—How wor t'ings in Roscommin, phin yez lift th' phlace, Corrigan?
Savage Moor—Fine Dinnis, fine barrin' the evictions; it's many a poor mon over there wud be thankin' the saints fer the foine, plisant job that you an' me do be havin!

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Not the Kind of a Bird He was After.

"Now I catch 'im."

"Well, my little boy, what may you want?"

They Were Waiting Round The Corner.

"Then it can never be!" he gasped, as he arose like a man in a dream.

"No," she murmured, in a low but decided voice; "I am sorry, Mr. Proppledick, but it can never be. It is impossible."

"Grant me, then," he said, hoarsely, passing his hand across his blinded eyes, "one last request."

She extended her hand in silence.

"Let me," he said, in a low voice, "have fifty cents until to-morrow night. I've got a bet on this, and I've lost, and the boys are waiting around the corner for the beer."

Overheard on the Cars.

A.—Mayor Hewitt doesn't seem to be in any great hurry to have the electric wires put underground.

B.—Well, he's right about it.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I'm in the undertaking business."

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Our Grand Distribution of free presents of Silver Cruets, Pickles, Cloths, Glassware, etc., will take place on Thursday, 28th, Friday, 29th, Saturday, 30th June, 1888.
$1,000 IN PRIZES
And all holding five 1 lb. vouchers will participate.
$300 IN PRIZES
All holding one 1 lb. voucher will participate. In addition to regular vouchers we will issue bonus checks to be given to our customers, and those who may purchase our Teas and Coffees.
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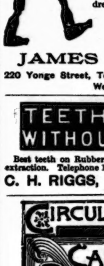
Try It. Delay is Dangerous



DEAR SIR,—I was weak, spare and thin; drank St. Leon regularly for three months; have gained about
20 LBS. IN WEIGHT;
never felt better in my life than now, and recommend it as a safe, sure builder.
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Opp. Knox Presbyterian Church.

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FEW DOORS SOUTH OF THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, TORONTO.

= LADIES =
We Invite your attention, as we have something to say to YOU.
Possibly you have invested all your money in town lots—most ladies who had any money to spare have. But don't be so foolish as to deny yourself the comforts of life on this account, and don't be twice foolish by buying some cheap article because your purse is short. We are now selling the best goods that money can buy in Ranges, Baby Carriages, Table Cutlery, Lamps, etc., on easy instalments.
THE DIAMOND STOVE CO.,
6 AND 8 QUEEN STREET WEST.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1888. [No. 28

To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

The Niagara Falls Park.

Whilst it would be unfair to claim that the position of the public is worse in regard to facilities for sight-seeing at Niagara Falls and the expense connected with the same than was the case previous to the work of the Canadian commissioners, still it has to be admitted that matters are not yet by any means too satisfactory in this connection. The general impression has been that the Niagara Falls Park was to be a national one. The American park is free because it was bought with New York State money for the enjoyment of the people. The Canadian park, bought with Ontario money likewise for public enjoyment, is *not* free. Surely this is contrary to the intention of those who voted for the Act of the Ontario Legislature.

Whilst the main park is free, the Islands are "preserved" to the tune of 10c. each for pedestrians and 50c. each for vehicles, in addition to each passenger's fee. On the 24th of May it is said 457 vehicles and about 1400 people passed in at the main entrance, but a large number of these went no further than the main park. On the same day the International Park on the American side—not a holiday there—is said to have held almost ten to our one. We do not say that the tariff imposed by the commissioners is altogether responsible for this, but at the same time we think it was a potent factor in the result alluded to.

At present we fear there is very little of the paternal in the attitude of the Ontario Government in this matter, and we must confess that we fail to see much difference between its doings and those of the individual owners of islands under the old system. The neighborhood of the Falls in Ontario was then just as free as it is to-day, even more so, for the old Mill road which led for nearly a century to Street's mills is now closed, and visitors from the south must journey one mile farther north in order to pass either of the two main entrances.

A national or a provincial park—call it whichever you please—should be *entirely* free to the people, and just so long as the commissioners levy toll on the people is Niagara Falls Park *not* a National or a Provincial Park.

The Fresh Air Fund.

God made the country, but man made the town, is a passage which suggests itself readily to the reader of the little circular sent out by the Fresh Air Fund committee. As many SATURDAY NIGHT readers are doubtless aware, this is a work entered into by Toronto citizens for the purpose of "giving the neglected class of children a number of outings in the warm weather."

That this is a worthy object goes without saying, and that it possesses features which should recommend it to all, is equally obvious. There is nothing new in the work which this committee propose to carry on. In New York and other centers it has flourished for some years. But it may be argued that these Toronto workers have commenced wisely in confining their efforts to providing a day's excursion only for these children of the town. In New York and elsewhere, earnest, yet withal over zealous philanthropists have defeated the very object aimed at by unnecessarily enlarging the work at the very outset. They took a load of waifs from the New York gutters with a great flourish of trumpets, and left them for a week in a dull, country place, remote from human ken. Then they felt hurt that the children didn't immediately get fat and become living pictures of health and happiness. How could they? The novelty of the first few hours was well enough in its way, but after that a deadly dulness made horror for the offspring of the Bowery which, degraded though its surroundings may be, is yet instinct with life and movement. It is perhaps hard to have to confess it, but the probability is that the happiest day those youngsters spent was the one on which they returned from rich milk, fresh eggs and awful solitude to starvation, squalor and the old-time delightful bustle of city life.

But the good folks who have taken the Fresh Air Fund in hand here are acting more wisely. By carrying out the plan which they intend to pursue, in picnicking for the day only, a proper course will be taken. A day's outing soon passes by. Everything has been pleasant to the eye, and the youthful stomach has not been neglected. The treat has not had time to pall, and everything in connection with the whole affair is wreathed in a halo of pleasure. An important object is at once gained. The taste for fresher and purer scenes becomes unconsciously an acquired one, and gradually paves the way for a more extended sojourn amidst scenes which are far removed from the great centers. Each visit, under the surroundings incidental to excursions such as these, must of necessity have a valuable moral effect on these little ones in the contrast between the peaceful calm of newly acquired tastes and the squalor and vice of the gutter. And who can tell the goodly seed that may be sown by these means in the hearts of little ones who, under the neglect of the past, have saddled the community with the evil deeds of Robt. Neill, Buckley, and the unspeakable foulness of their companions in crime.

He Blew Out the Gas. (?)

Still another name on the death roll of asphyxiated hotel guests. The latest victim is an aged pedlar named George Ross, found dead in his room in a city hotel, the lights out and the gas escaping at full cock. It seems to us that too much ignorance has been credited to our visitors in these matters. Folks from the country are intelligent; they read the papers, and, by this time, must have a full acquaintance with and a lively dread of the fatal consequences of escaping gas. In addition to this, many of our hotels have special warnings on their walls, touching this special danger. The impression is slowly but surely gaining ground that hotel employes are not altogether innocent in this matter. Guests passing the night in a strange place have a natural aversion to being left in the dark, and leave the light turned down sufficiently, after retiring, to enable them to perceive immediate surrounding during the night. From economical motives some hotel proprietors turn off the gas at the meter about midnight, at a time when the average guest is fast asleep. And just here is wherein appears to lie the true inwardness of many of these catastrophes. About four or five o'clock in the morning the gas is turned on again, and the rest may easily be imagined. Unconscious of his surroundings the sleeper gradually inhales the noxious air escaping from the unclosed jet and passes—painlessly, it is true—into the unknown land.

The rider attached to the verdict by the jury, in the case alluded to, that all hotels should be compelled to employ a night porter is very well so far as it goes, but a special inquiry ought to be made in this matter, and some means devised whereby lives which are so valuable to the community, may be saved. Close inquiry into the state of hotel gas-jets should be made and the turn cocks properly inspected as to their being in proper working order. There are some so defective, it is impossible to tell whether they turn the gas off, or on again, without the application of a light, and it is no reflection on the intelligence of the average hotel guest that he fails to notice this fatal defect. Too many lives have been sacrificed, and we believe in the old Roman idea that it is a greater thing to save the life of a Roman citizen, than to slay an enemy of Rome.

Christ Before Pilate.

(SUGGESTED BY MUNKACSY'S GREAT PICTURE.)

For Saturday Night.

Meek before the maddened mob
The mighty Jesus calmly stands;
The thongs that bind his tender hands
His kingly spirit may not rob.

A prisoner bound! No fear or awe
His free, pure spirit doth o'erwhelm;
He seems the King of all the realm
And higher than the Roman law

He sees above His Father's throne
Where shining ones at his command,
Environ Him on either hand,
And Heaven claims Him for its own.

"Art thou the Christ?" And Jesus said,
(While waiting on his answer stood
A universe in tears and blood)
"Thou sayest it," and bowed his head.

The majesty of that sad brow,
What grandeur to the earth it brings,
'T was fitter for the Court of Kings
Than where no hearts obedient bow.

"He hath not done," is Pilate's cry,
"Aught that I see deserveth death;"
Their anger hoarsens into breath—
"O crucify! O crucify!"

"It is not fit that He should live;
His blood shall rest on us and ours;"
And thus these heaven-defying powers
To sin-cursed man a Saviour give.

O perturbed Pilate! *thou* art bound,
The real prisoner thou; though ruth
To trample on the Man of Truth,
The fear of man is in thee found.

Ignoble will that cannot stand
Fixed on the Right, determinate,
But wavers on the brink of fate.
And erring shuns Truth's higher hand.

O willing captive! thine it was
To feel the taunts and scornful nods,
The torture of the Roman rods
That thou might'st plead our greatest cause

With Him who as the Judge of all
Shall see this "travail of Thy soul,"
And as the widening ages roll
Extend our freedom from the Fall.

O mighty Saviour! in thy face
I see a spirit that can make
All waves of trouble round me break,
And reck not of the time or place.

'T would seem as if this last great scene
Thy loving words would justify;
"My peace unto the world give I;"
Here strength for all my ills I glean.

Help me when at Thy judgment-seat,
My sins, condemning, throng and press:
And brief shall be my soul's distress;
I can be calm at *Thy* dear feet.

TORONTO. REUBEN BUTCHART.

Wheat Was Weak.

"Real spring day?" he said to the man standing at the tobacconist's counter with him.

"Is it?" was the curt reply.

"Yes, a regular spring day."

"Well, it ought to be. It is the spring season, I believe."

"This will be good for wheat," continued the other.

"Will it? Are you a farmer?"

"No, sir."

"Own any wheat on the ground?"

"No."

"Ever own any?"

"I—I—no, sir."

"Ever sow or reap any?"

"No."

"Can you tell me within two weeks of the time when wheat is sown or cut in this locality?"

"No, sir."

"I thought as much!" sarcastically observed the stranger as he walked away.

Famous Theatrical Riots.

The Haymarket Theater was the scene of a great riot in 1749. Throughout the city posters announced that on a certain night a man in the Haymarket company would put himself into a quart bottle. The theater was packed, but the conjurer did not appear. The audience, at first enraged, were easily appeased by the promise that on the following evening the performer would really appear, and use a pint instead of quart bottle. The second night the audience was again disappointed. They had at length discovered their own stupidity, and were furious. The Duke of Cumberland, one of the occupants of the boxes, stood up with drawn sword, and advised the infuriated people to destroy everything within their reach. This was soon accomplished, and, tearings down the trappings, they carried them into the street, where a large bonfire was kindled.

The Duke of Cumberland was a great favorite with theater-goers; and at his death, because certain persons appeared in the theater without mourning, a riot took place, and was renewed until the offenders against the public taste either absented themselves from the play or assumed the due mark of respect for the dead Duke.

The nineteenth century theater differs in many respects from that of the eighteenth. In the latter, the servants of gentlemen had some privileges. They had a right to remain in the seats of their masters till the latter arrived. The manners of the upper classes at that time were not altogether exemplary, and their lackeys followed suit, only they were more offensive. While sitting in the boxes the footmen were allowed to spit or throw orange-peel into the pit; and when the appearance of their masters relegated them to the gallery, which privilege they had gratis, their conduct in no way was improved. At length this gallery privilege was denied them, and flunkeydom was wroth. To give vent to their rage the footmen congregated in vast numbers within the theater. The uproar they caused put in the background all past occurrences, and although the Prince of Wales was one of the audience no heed was paid to him. The military were called out, fifteen of the disturbers were arrested, and next day suffered at the hands of the Sheriff of London.

Macready visited the United States in 1849; but unhappily the partisans of Mr. Forrest, an American actor, spread the report that the Englishman had hissed the American favorite while playing in London. In vain did Macready declare that the charge was false. Conscious of his innocence he appeared as Macbeth in one of the New York theaters. When the curtain rose Macready was greeted with thundering applause, as he thought. It was thunder in a sense, for it seemed to be noise without rational guides to its continuance or abeyance. He appealed to the American love of fair play; but all was without effect. Every kind of insult was heaped upon him; copper cents, eggs, apples, potatoes, lemons, and asafœtida were thrown at his luckless person. It is said that chairs were hurled with great force on to the stage. The play of course was stopped. Next night the rioters returned, but a number of policemen were stationed amongst the audience, and those immediately expelled the turbulent spirits. The change of scene did not quell the disturbers, for in a short time they were howling round the walls of the building. The noise was deafening; but yet Macready never acted again as he did on that night. Matters came to such a pass that the military was marched to the scene. While sitting in the anteroom, Macready suddenly exclaimed, "Hark! what's that? The soldiers have fired." One volley followed another, and then the tumult subsided. News was then brought that several men had been shot. At once Macready changed his clothes and walked away with the retiring audience. But although he went to a friend's house his safety could not be insured, and he was forced to leave the city.

The riots known by the name "Old Prices" are the most notorious. Covent Garden Theater was rebuilt in 1808; but somehow or other the architects had managed to bring about some new changes of construction which greatly displeased playgoers. The theater was opened on September 18, 1809, with a representation of "Macbeth," ending with a farce, in which the chief attraction was the well-known Madame Catalani. It was noticed when the curtain rose that throughout the audience there were scattered a goodly number of rough-looking fellows, bearing in their hands sticks and bludgeons. The overture was listened to without a murmur; but as soon as Kemble stepped forward to recite the opening address he was met with shouts to the following effect: "Off, off! Old prices"—for the charge of admission had been raised—and "Native talent." Not a word of the play was heard; and Mrs. Siddons fared no better than Kemble. As for the farce, it was even worse, and yet Catalani and Munden were taking part in its performance. Two magistrates appeared upon the scene, read the Riot Act, and ordered the people to depart; but the audience refused to move. Next morning the *Times* supported the popular demand; and play-goers, encouraged from without, repaired night after night to the theater, but refused to hear a single word. The actors were assured that the disturbance was not because of their actions, but simply from the fact that John Kemble, one individual, chose to fight John Bull. On the third night Kemble asked what was wanted. The reply was drastic enough. The stage was stormed, and the company had to take refuge where they could. But some of the actors unfastened the trap-doors of the stage, and in this way secured many of the disturbers, who were at once conveyed to Bow street Prison. On the sixth night, Kemble proposed that the theater accounts should be examined, so that the public might understand the reason for the heightened prices. The proposal was taken for victory, and a scroll of paper was unfurled by some of the audience—the paper bore these words—"Here lies the body of New Prices, who died September 25, 1809, aged 6 days." The auditors appointed to examine the accounts were the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of the City of London, and the governor of the Bank of England. The result of their investigation showed that the net gain to shareholders amounted only to a little more than 6 per cent. For six years the receipts had been £365,983, and the expenditure £307,912, and added to this were twelve shares in the patent. Kemble, in view of these facts, felt justified in raising the prices, but terminated the engagement with Madame Catalani. The theater was reopened on October 10; but rioting again was in the ascendant. Everyone wore in his or her hat a piece of paper with the letters O. P. (old prices) printed on it. The pit became a pandemonium; playgoers, constables, soldiers, and actors fighting with each other. Kemble had to be escorted home by the military; but the crowds followed him and sang all night beneath his window. During the scuffle a Mr. Clifford was seriously injured by the box-keeper, named Brandon. Against Brandon an action was raised, and Clifford won the case. The rioters were jubilant. They called a meeting, and with Clifford in the chair pledged themselves to support everyone injured as Clifford had been. While the meeting was proceeding Kemble appeared on the scene, and stated that he would lower the prices, remove the obnoxious tier of boxes, and dismiss Brandon. John Bull had gained the victory, and was satisfied. So ended the notorious theatrical riots of Old Prices, they having lasted for sixty-one nights.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR,—In regard to Savareen's Disappearance, we have not seen enough of the story to be able to guess very correctly about the mystery. Perhaps Lapierre killed Savareen; but in that case, what became of his body and the horse? Perhaps he had been killed between Millbrook and the toll-gate, and his ghost "went marching on." I have been wondering if Mr. Dent knows himself, or whether he intends to make use of the best answers to help him out.

POLLY WOGUE.

Toronto, June 4, 1888.

We and Our Neighbors.

For Saturday Night.

"Oh, ma, ma, look!—— That man is going to—oh, oh! I do think he'll fall—— Look, look mama, do—— I'm afraid!—oh, he'll fall and hurt her, I'm sure!—and perhaps she's his own little girl—— Mama, mama! maybe he's drunk!" And the shrill, childish voice fell to a horrified whisper, while the little curly head dropped into my lap with a shy, ashamed feeling of sympathy for "his own little girl," and I, while I gathered my "Baby Blossom" into my arms and kissed away the tears wept for another's woe, was glad that God had given my bairn a humane heart, sat and watched with dimmed eyes the man that was "drunk"; and my own heart ached with pity for the "mamma" who had sent her "baby" out with a kiss and a smile to meet "papa," while she waited at home for his coming. And there he is, swaying to and fro in the sunlight—mistaking the shadows on the walk for substances that he must shun—holding his child first by the hand and then in his arms, while each position seems more perilous than the other—seemingly sure of only one thing—the way home. Heaven help the helpless wife and mother who sees her husband and child come home to her as those two are coming now—the husband so lost to manhood as to be utterly unconscious of the little clinging arms about his neck or the anguish in his wife's face as she listens to the gleeful voice that calls to her, "See, see, mama, I's bringing papa home!"

TORONTO. PEGG.

The Delusions of a Hemp Eater.

A writer in *St. James' Gazette* gives the following description of his marvelous sensations while under the influence of Indian hemp. A friend of ours told us of his experience with the potent drug in Washington during the war, when he took a quantity in an experimental way. In his case the hallucinations as to time and distance were very similar to those given below. It is not an experience to be desired:

The room seems to tilt round; the people near appear to rise to the ceiling; the pulse beats with extreme rapidity, and the throbbing of the heart becomes audible. The will remains unaffected; but thinking becomes impossible, for one cannot recollect anything—the ideas seems to slip away. In another ten minutes the characteristic indications of hemp-eating appear. Every object around attains a monstrous size. Men and women seem of Brobdignagian proportions, the cushions upon which one sits seem fit for giants; and any trifling obstacle in the way when you attempt to walk, appears so big that you fear to step over it. The room in which you may be sitting seems to stretch beyond the range of sight, and one fancies the street outside is receding before one's very eye. All sense of time is lost now, and when he is spoken to the hemp-eater fancies there are long and apparently senseless interval between the words. His own attempts at speech are similarly marked; the syllables come slowly, laboriously, and minutes seem to elapse between the beginning and end of a word. In this stage it is usual to partake of more coffee, which changes the nature of the sensations. A whiff at the narghile that always accompanies the beverage and the body seems to rise into the air and float about, though, inexplicably enough, the feet keep firmly pressed to the ground. Then one's legs and arms appear to drop off, and life and sensation concentrate themselves, to one's thinking, in the back of the head, which feels full to bursting. Gradually strength leaves the smoker; the pipe slips from the nerveless fingers; the will altogether falls, and the body seems to rise and float away in space. A heavy, dreamless sleep usually succeeds such an indulgence in the drug, and as a rule the novice awakes none the worse for the evening's experiment. A little lemon juice removes any sensation of nausea or light headache that may ensue.

On Divers Strings.

Unavowed Love.

[AN IMPROMPTU WITH A DIFFICULT RHYME.]

For Saturday Night.

Each day I am stretched on the rack of doubt,
While night brings me no soft bed of roses;
For my heart is weary with untold love,
And the burden that silence imposes.

I long as we meet and pass on the street,
(For to stop my Queen never proposes;)
To let my lips tell what my looks bespeak,
And to strew my love's pathway with roses.

But somehow my purpose is always checked,
And ever some ill-luck interposes;
So the chance ne'er comes my passion to breathe
Or sing in fair ear my rhyme of roses.

Still I love one dearer than any on earth,
And I am tossed between thorns and roses,
For I fear to meet with her chill rebuke
If my wild love her dear will opposes.

Yet can I but love where my heart is fixed—
And where fixed, though the world opposes,
Modesty mustn't get the better of speech
Lest the meantime another proposes.

CERNER MADA.

When the Rain Comes Down.

For Saturday Night.

When it rains it will rain, so you needn't repine,
Every schoolboy's aware that it can't always shine;
But you think of the pic-nic, and your face wears a frown,
Yet the farmer is glad for the rain coming down.

Lo! the grass is greener, and sweeter the air,
And cooler the breezes that blow everywhere,
And blacker the mould in the fallows afar,
And the cattle—remember how grateful they are.

Besides the rain's good for the bountiful crops,
The shower of blessing, the merciful drops,
The fevered, the toiler is quickened anew—
The whole earth rejoices, and so ought you too.

J. J. FERGUSON, University Coll.

His Last "Goal."

For Saturday Night.

I've been feelin' kind o' low, Cal,
And I sent Ben over to see
If you'd leave your hosin' go, Cal,
And talk of old times to me.

We sat together at school, Cal,
D'ye mind the master we had?
Too much of a sticker for rule, Cal,
And rather hard on a lad.

But yet to give 'im his due, Cal,
He pointed out wrong from right,
And I mind he didn't lick you, Cal,
For backin' up me in a fight.

I learned when we played No. 8, Cal.
And doubled to dribble the ball
That in life's game one should have a mate, Cal,
And you've been mine through it all.

But they told me I should have a wife, Cal,
Church connections and family and such,
As if one who knew you for life, Cal
Could value the rest of it much.

"I knew you for life," did I say? Cal,
Yes, I guess that is pretty near right,
For my life will be over to-day, Cal,
And I'll be with the angels to-night.

You're the only friend ever I knew, Cal,
There, there, old man, don't cry,
And if it wasn't for leavin' of you, Cal,
It wo'ldn't be hard to die.

A mist comes over my eyes, Cal,
Good-bye, old friend! Where's your hand?
Still bound by our friendship's ties, Cal,
I'm crossing the Borderland.

Now! easy! carry it slowly! Cal,
Steadily, lad! let her roll!
Now! cross to centre! to me, Cal,
And I'll make a last try for Goal.

MELBOURNE. X.

Beside the Arno River.

For Saturday Night.

Beside the Arno's dreamy flow
You know, love, we were seated;
In those sweet moments long ago
When fond words were repeated.
Ah! little in that happy time
We thought, love, we could sever,
Or dreaming in that sunny clime
Would be love's dream for ever.

We heard the vesper chiming sweet,
We saw the sunbeams fading,
Nigh yonder well-remembered seat,
The laurel branches shading.
And still on fancy's silver wing,
Return those memories olden;
And Arno's roses softly sing
Our heart romances golden.

O, ever bright Italian skies
You tell the same sweet story;
Of lover's sighs and thoughtful eyes
And dreams of fame and glory.
But visions fade and fame still die
While love lives on for ever,
And still together you and I
Sit by the Arno River.

CHORUS: And still I hear you whisper low,
Beside the Arno River;
But those sweet moments long ago
Have flown, dear love, for ever.

TORONTO, June 4th. DE BERRAY.

Here and There.

A Cold Day.

The poet in front of the editor stood,
And said, with a little cough:
I thought I would bring you a little thing—
A thing I have just dashed off."

The editor rose from his ivory chair,
With passion his features wrought:
I want no things that are 'just dashed off,'
I want the results of thought."

He closed with a snap his ebony desk,
The poet he rudely gripped,
And bearing his load, to the street below
The editor blithely tripped.

He staggered beneath the weight he bore,
But bravely kept his feet.
He carried the bard to the lower floor
And dashed him into the street.

A stranger passing, the act observed.
'Why, what is the row?" said he.
The editor said: "'Tis a little thing
I have just dashed off, you sea." —*Ex.*

***

Admirers of the supernatural loom up once more, and with all the old-time vim and go. The latest "phenomenon" is "A Giant Hand in the Sky." And look ye, lords and gentlemen! the same is a blood-curdler. The local paper (Findlay, Ohio) describes how in the northern sky appeared the representation of a human hand of immense proportions, and one inspiring in its realistic vividness—in fact, a regular buster.

***

The local paragrapher, as a mattar of course, scratches his fell quill with deadly effect on the subject, and tells how the hand appeared to be a shadowy substance, through which waves of light of a blood-red color surged as regularly as heart-beats in a human breast and then fell off at the ends of the fingers in drops of the same color, almost *as large as air balloons.*" Then the spirit of prophecy unconsciously enters this worthy citizen's heart, and he tells in impressive and conscientious language that the *first finger* of the hand pointed down towards the sleeping city, as if warning the good folks below of some impending woe.

***

These reports become very wearisome. They haven't even the charm of novelty. Some eight years ago we had a similar meal dished up to us in Ontario. Was not the township of King the scene of this "visitation of the Almighty," as a local paper described it? Sensible folks in Toronto believed the whole thing, and were shocked at any expression of disbelief of the story which ran something like this. A number of men were working together, when one of their number lost his temper and flung out a string of "cuss words," then a little more profanity, and finally wound up with a terrific outburst of unadulterated blasphemy. Just at this point retribution stepped in and smote the erring man; smote him hip and thigh, smote him so that he *was rooted to the spot.* Nothing could stir him. A rope was fastened around him, two horses of Clydesdale breed (the report was careful to give the breed of the horses) were attached to the rope. The whip was cracked and the horses slashed, but they couldn't stir that blasphemer by a hair's breadth. He had evidently come to stay. Well, this story was mentioned and alluded to repeatedly by our Toronto papers, and quite a little excitement was caused by it. Enquiries were made at the time by the writer, who, it is almost needless to say, found what might have been expected—the whole story a sheer fabrication.

***

LORD STANLEY OF PRESTON.

An Acrostic.

Loudly Canadians of every degree
Offer, Lord Stanley, a welcome to thee.
Races in Europe who'd royalty rend
Delight in our loyal Dominion to blend.

Satisfied here 'neath Canadian laws;
Tortured no longer by Downing street tawse;
All of us now in contentment serene
Nourish unlimited love for the Queen;
Leaning but lightly on England our mother,
Eager around her in danger to gather,
Yearning to prove we're as brave as a brother.

Only a fool or a foreigner thinks
Fortunate Canada tired of her links.

Produced when a nation's occasions are great,
Right mottoes both strengthen and lengthen the state.
Employed by a hero and sung by a bard,
Secure in creation's eternal regard—
These are our watchwords in conflict and story:
"On, Stanley, on!" to success and to glory;
Nor halt till we hail thee heroic and hoary!

[A copy of the above has been forwarded to Ottawa, to be handed to the new Governor-General on his arrival.]

The foregoing acrostic is the first dose to be administered to Lord Stanley on his arrival, and people still think the Governor-Generalship a sinecure, and wonder why Canadian literature should be despised. The name and residence of the author are withheld from the readers of this column from motives of charity.

***

Reginald Shirley Brooks, the gifted son of a worthy sire, died on May 10, and was buried at Kensal Green, in the same vault that holds the once brilliant father—Shirley Brooks—and the beautiful mother—who brought into existence a man who was handsome, clever and good—three qualities seldom united—and who, in his thirty-eighth year, now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

***

He was born into journalism, his father's closest friends being members of the *Punch* staff, and the closest literary coterie that ever existed. As a child who listened to Thackeray, Dickens, Mark Lemon, Edmund Yates, Frith, Burnand, and many others of the world of wit, it was to be expected that young Brooks should develop into the legitimate successor to the editorship of *Punch*, and his work for that paper was consistently good and brilliant. But he kicked against that feast of harmony and flow of proprietary soul—the weekly *Punch* dinner, whereat the subjects and brilliancies to be embodied in that paper are thrashed out in the company of soup, fish, joints and genius, and he terminated his connection with the paper years ago.

***

If the report of a high authority on literary matters is to be trusted, the novel readers of this Dominion have a rich treat in store for them. An American authoress, Miss Catherwood of Illinois, has written a story dealing in graphic fashion with one of the most thrilling of all the thrilling episodes in the history of New France—the episode of Adam Daulac, Sieur Desormeaux, and the other "Heroes of the Long Sault," who, in 1660, offered themselves as voluntary and glorious sacrifices on the altar of their adopted country. These dauntless heroes went to certain death with the courage born partly of love of adventure, but chiefly of true patriotism, and the scene of their doughty deeds ought to be a sacred spot to future generations of Canadians for all time to come. They stemmed the tide of Iroquois invasion, and probably saved the colony from falling into the hands of those fierce "Romans of the New World" who periodically spread desolation in their footsteps along the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa.

***

Most readers of these columns are doubtless familiar with the oft-repeated tale. Those who have not read it have yet to experience a new sensation. All our longer histories contain more or less voluminous accounts of the transaction. The version most widely known is that embodied by Mr. Parkman in *The Old Regime in Canada.* The incident has also been told in stirring verse by Professor Murray of Montreal, who published a poem on the subject seven or eight years ago in a local periodical. This last-named production was laughed at and burlesqued at the time by some of the would-be comic papers, but the author may congratulate himself on having stirred the pulses of scores of readers who are not generally addicted to displays of patriotic emotion. For myself, I clipped the poem for my scrap-book. I have turned it up a good many times since, and I have never done so without feeling moved to admiration, not only of the story itself, but of the manner in which it is there narrated.

***

The early history of Canada abounds with incidents which are eminently suited to the novelist and the poet. Mr. Kirby, in *Le Chien D'Or*, has shown how much of the pure gold of romance lies hidden away in our early chronicles. Mr. Lesperance has followed in the same track, and with a considerable measure of success. But of all the legends to be found in these old-time records, not one is better fitted to the pen of the romancer than this same episode of Dollard Desormeaux, and it is satisfactory to know that the treatment of it in an elaborate novel has fallen into competent hands. Miss Catherwood, the authoress of the forthcoming story, is said to be a lady of high accomplishments and genuine literary power.

***

The story has been accepted by the *Century Magazine*, the directors of which have prepared for it a series of pictorial illustrations of the high artistic character which form an essential feature of that periodical. It is to begin in an early number, and will be continued in monthly instalments until its completion, after which it will be issued in book-form, with all the mechanical attractions which fine paper, perfect typography and choice engravings can impart. The literary authority above referred to, who has seen and read a considerable number of the proof-sheets, speaks of the work in the most eulogistic terms, and is of opinion that its publication will be one of the chief literary events of the year.

***

Miss Catherwood contemplates visiting Canada during the coming summer. It may not unreasonably be expected that she will spend a few days in Toronto during her visit, in which case SATURDAY NIGHT hopes to have the pleasure of congratulating her upon the successful reception of the early instalments of her book.

***

The only bit of fun that has ever been got out of a State ball was introduced by an American woman, who managed to run the gauntlet and get invited to one of the Jubilee balls in London last year. She was so elated by this fact that she went bragging about it all over the town, to the envy of her country-women who had been left out in the cold. One of these specimens of Yankee wit set about devising a scheme by which to take the conceit out of her friend. This she did by confiding her wishes to several young men of her acquaintance who were going to the ball, and who certainly ought to have known better than to aid such wickedness. On the night of the ball the victim was sitting in all her glory, waiting for some one to ask her to dance, when, climax of joy! a gentleman approached who introduced himself as Prince Albert Victor, and requested the pleasure of the next valse with her. The fair American tripped off lovingly on the young man's arm, and valsed with him to her heart's content all the time, telling him how she positively worshipped his dear father, and winding up by saying, "Do you know, they told me you couldn't dance worth a cent, and you waltz just lovely." Conducted to a seat after the valse was over, this pride of Columbia closed her eyes in ecstacy as she thought how she could flatten out her dear countrywomen by recounting her flirtation with the Prince, when she was awakened from her dream by a lady of her acquaintance, who had seated herself by her side. "How on earth," said the newcomer, "did you manage to make Charlie R— laugh so in such a place? He went away in perfect fits after he brought you here, and now he's going about telling some joke you made to everyone he knows." And then the sad truth came out that the American lady's late partner was not Prince Albert Victor at all, but a very naughty subaltern in the Guards. ST. GEORGE.

Though it might be expected that business is getting dull in the theatrical line, yet Newton Beers' Lost in London opened to a well-filled house at the Toronto on Monday night. Many of those present had doubtless seen it before—perhaps half a dozen times—but had come again. For it is exactly one of those plays which have an irresistible attraction for some people. Those who like to shed tears over the unhappy fate of the young and beautiful victim of a bad man's wickedness go more than once to see such a play as Lost in London. For the benefit of those readers who never had a chance to drop a tear for the ill-fated heroine of this play I may give the story briefly. Nelly Armroyd, the young and beautiful wife of Job Armroyd, a Lancashire miner, comes under the notice of Mr. Gilbert Featherston, the owner of the mine. He makes love to her and though she still retains a strong affection for her husband, by some process as enigmatical as a woman's reason she is brought to consent to leaving her home and to going to London with Featherston, where she leads a miserable life. Her husband obtains a clue to her whereabouts and swears he will find her. He does so eventually. She passes through a severe illness and on partially recovering implores and receives her husband's forgiveness. Featherston discovers her hiding-place and sends her a letter stating when he will come after her. This letter falls into Joe Armroyd's hands, who receives Featherston himself. During the quarrel which ensues, Nelly Armroyd totters from her sick room and rushes between the would-be combatants. The shock is too much for her weakened frame, however, and she drops dead on the floor. Featherston, struck with remorse, asks Armroyd to kill him, but he is magnanimously told to depart, and the heart-broken miner is left alone with his dead. To be popular, a novel or play usually has to end happily. But there are some notable exceptions. There is the "joy of grief," as well as the opposite, and it is to this that such plays as Lost in London, East Lynn, Uncle Tom's Cabin, etc., etc., owe their success. Joy is a relative term, and unless we knew sorrow we should have no conception of joy. How fun varies with the same individual in different circumstances! What gives the greatest pleasure here is not worth a smile in another place. In solemn surroundings little gives us pleasure. I suppose that is why we laugh so easily in church. Therefore an occasional tragedy is necessary to give zest to comedy. The third act might better be cut out of this performance. Unless it is necessary to brace the audience up for the remaining two, I can see no earthly use for it. It is neither pretty nor funny. The singing is not good, nor did the sylph-like figure of Miss Phœbe Don—as she pranced through the maze of a fancy jig strike me as being extremely entertaining. Mr. Newton Beers and Miss Frances Field did very good work in the leading roles. Miss Field gives promise of considerable excellence in the line of acting she follows in this play. The fun of the piece is chiefly in the hands of Wm. E. Burton. A London Tiger—which does not mean that he is a human being possessing the murderous instincts of the feline, but that he is one of those individuals with high hat and top boots, the tallest of boys and the smallest of men, who with folded arms sit rigidly on some swell's dog-cart, and it is fun which smacks very much of the London music hall. The scenic effects were very beautiful, though the effect of the last tableau is as good as lost with people rising to leave. It should be shown a few minutes earlier.

*

I should like to remind Mr. Burton, and through him the rest of the profession, that when an actor or actress portrays a character in destitute circumstances, the possession of rings and other jewelry is more than inconsistent. When will our players recognize the truth of this, and, recognizing it, govern themselves accordingly. The dialect spoken during the evening was not by any means the pure Doric of Lancashire, which is familiar to my ears, but a mixed patois of several English counties. This, I take it, however, was a course wisely adopted by Mr. Beers, for the simple reason that the pure Lancashire dialect, as "she is spoke" by the natives, would have been entirely beyond the comprehension of the large audience which went last Monday to hear and see Lost in London.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Fred Maeden, the dead dramatist, used to say that he would rather attempt to write a tragedy than a newspaper article. But once at the request of the *Mirror* he wrote some epigrams for publication. Here they are:

A good fellow—One who hesitates before some obstacle of life, helps another chap over, and gets kicked for his pains.

Antiquarian—A human crab, facing the past and walking backward to the future.

An old woman who paints—Age holding up a flag of truce to Time.

Jealousy is so much a part of woman's nature that there can hardly be a doubt that Eve inspected Adam in order to assure herself that he had given no more ribs to any other woman.

Dreams—Indigestion.

Love—Dreams without the indigestion.

Marriage—Indigestion without the dreams.

Life's but a span within Fate's keeping;
We seize brief joys while Care lies sleeping.
'Tis but a dream where fears and hopes abound;
Death sounds the waking, and the truth is found.

The other day young Sniffles received an invitation to attend a masquerade party, to be held at the residence of a fashionable friend.

Sniffles is a gay and festive youth, and he goes in for fun every chance he gets, therefore he at once signified his intention of going.

The next thing on the programme was to procure an outfit—something romantic and striking, to dazzle and paralyze the people who happened to be present.

Sniffles' idea was to varnish his nose, adorn himself in a shark's-tooth necklace and a war-club, and dawn upon the waiting world as the Rajah of Hwangjuer or the Athkoona of Swat.

But the costumier discouraged him. Said he;

"What you want, young man, is to let me gum you up in a bale of unbleached sheeting, and pass yourself off as a mummy."

"Not much," asserted Sniffles. "D'ye think I'm going to make my *debut* in society as an ordinary every-day mummy! I'm going in some character that don't require a label on it, or I ain't going at all."

"But a mummy is the easiest to get up, and it's a nice, respectable character to appear in; and now, if you say the word, I'll rig you up in a jiffy as Rameses III. or King Thotmes—I ain't particular which."

"You ain't, eh! Well, I am. You'll have to shove your old mossy grave-clothes on someone else. I want to go as something alive, so folks will know I'm there when I begin to move among them. Now, how would I look in the character of Venus rising from the sea?"

"Immense! Oh, yes, you'd make a sweet Venus, you would! Probably scare the audience into fits when they saw you. But of course that don't make any difference to me so long as I get paid for the costume."

"Well, if that won't do, what do you say to decking me out as Alexander the Great? Alick is an old friend of mine, and I think it would please him to have me make my first appearance in high-toned society under his *nom de plume.*"

The costumier looked puzzled.

"Who was this Alick the Great?" he finally asked.

Sniffles explained who Alick was, and the costumier proceeded to evoke a fitting costume in which to represent that defunct monarch.

That evening at half-past eight sharp, Alexander the Great, in the person of Sniffles, strolled into the marble halls where the masquerade party was in progress.

The costumier's conception of the appearance of Alexander the Great was something decidedly original and unique, and in consequence thereof Sniffles presented a gorgeous and bewildering spectacle.

He was arrayed in a bob-tail red velvet jacket, nickel-plated crown, trimmed with peacock feathers, blue goggles, sage-green sash, from which dangled a quart or so of tin medals, yellow kid gloves, strawberry-striped tights, No. 9 boots with the tops painted a bright azure, and in addition to all this he carried a second-hand claymore, six feet long, dangling carelessly by his side.

This is, part of the time it dangled by Sniffles' side, and the rest of the time it dangled under his feet, or someone's else feet, or across the room, or wherever it took a notion.

Sniffles was the cynosure of all eyes, and, at the same time, a terror to corns. Before he had mingled in the gilded scenes of festivity fifteen minutes by the city hall clock, he tripped himself up with that ancient claymore four times, swung it round in other people's way a dozen times, more or less, upset three or four couples to whom he had never been introduced, got on more trails in three seconds than a Sioux warrior sometimes does in all day—and also got into trouble. People didn't mind being tripped up, run over, or stepped on occasionally—say once every six or eight minutes, but when Sniffles began to make a business of it they objected.

They objected strongly, too.

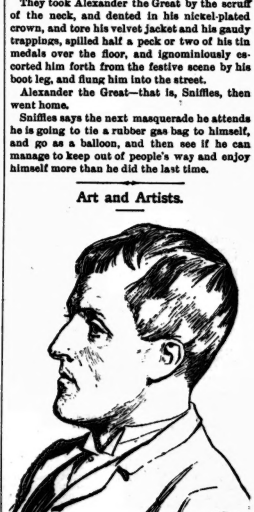
They took Alexander the Great by the scruff of the neck, and dented in his nickel-plated crown, and tore his velvet jacket and his gaudy trappings, spilled half a peck or two of his tin medals over the floor, and ignominiously escorted him forth from the festive scene by his boot leg, and flung him into the street.

Alexander the Great—that is, Sniffles, then went home.

Sniffles says the next masquerade he attends he is going to tie a rubber gas bag to himself, and go as a balloon, and then see if he can manage to keep out of people's way and enjoy himself more than he did the last time.

The Duke of Portland's Ayrshire, Winner of The Derby.

Art and Artists.



W. PARKER NEWTON, DRAWN BY W. CRUIKSHANK.

The above is an excellent likeness of Mr. W. Parker Newton, a promising young Toronto artist. Mr. Newton was formerly a bank clerk, but finding this profession not to his taste he turned his attention to the brush and palette. Mr. Newton is a Canadian by birth. He studied art at the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston for about a year. Though only a beginner in the profession some of his works exhibit a great deal of talent. He works rapidly, and delights in a broad sketchy style—with very little detail. His aspirations lie in the direction of marine painting, in which line he has already done some excellent work. In landscape also he has shown considerable ability. With careful and persevering study he should rise to a high position in his chosen profession.

*

A Canadian landscape artist in London writes to a friend as follows: "When I first saw Turner and Constable together with Rembrandt and Velasquez, I saw at once the principles that stood at the foundation of their work. I saw that drawing was not merely making an outline or a shape, in fact not merely getting exact proportions, though these are vital things to have, but that the object is to feel the evanescence of things, the coming and going in the light or shadow, the envelopment of line and the way each plane takes its light; to know which is shadow, and which is merely a lesser light, and to feel the thick and thin parts of objects or hard and soft parts, and so on. These things used to bother me at home. I had a feeling that these were the big things for principles, and that being once sure of them, I could go on and study them out further the more I painted. Another important thing is to keep all objects in the one light, to let each bear its right relation to its environment of light and air. Tell C——, if he says Turner and Constable were not great painters, I am ready to dispute the point. Turner is simply gigantic—one of the very greatest of all painters. He is so true in his portrayal of the infinity of things that one at first does not grasp him, but go at him day after day and then go to nature. Not that I think he is truer than some of the modern French landscape men, but his range is wider, his mind more grasping. Corot, Dupre, Rousseau and Daubigny are all Constable's children, all greater than their father in achieving results that were truer, perhaps, than his. But none of them convey the notion that, without the start Constable gave, would they have dug out of nature the truths that Constable did."

Mutely Eloquent.

Daughter (to old gentleman, who has returned from escorting a certain young man to the front gate)—Oh, papa, what did you say to George?

Old Gentleman (much out of breath)—I—I didn't s-say anything to him!

A Great Commercial Truth.

Johnny (whose father is an editor)—Say, Mr. Storekeeper, do you keep sugar, coffee, tea, calico and things?

Storekeeper—Certainly, my boy.

Johnny—Yes, and pa says you will keep 'em unless you advertise.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOOR.

The Count Gonsalvo remained and took dinner with Alonzo, after which he resumed his disguise for the purpose of departing.

"My dear Adrian," pleaded the prince, holding his friend by the hand, "I ask you once more,—Have you no possible clew to the whereabouts of Zenelia?"

Gonsalvo shook his head gravely.

"Alonzo, if I knew I would tell you; but I have not the most remote idea. You must inquire among those who were trusted friends of your father."

"I have done so, and with but one result. None of them can give me information."

"Ah, my dear Prince, your father must have been determined that Zenella should be placed beyond your reach."

"I can see that very plainly," returned Alonzo with a spice of bitterness in his tone. "Had he not been so determined, he would at least have admitted old Bernado into his secret. But I will not despair. I will search in every nook of Venice, and I will not rest until she is found."

"Love may be deeper and darker nooks than you think, Alonzo."

"But not so deep, Adrian, that my great love cannot penetrate them."

The count seemed inclined to offer further admonition, but he only shook his head in a doubting manner, and having once more assured his friend that he would render any assistance that lay in his power, he took his leave.

During the afternoon Alonzo visited several of his friends, and caused his gondola to be pulled twice through the Canal of St. Jeremiah. Once he stopped at the dwelling of the Jew Ben-hadad, but he found the door fast, and the lower windows barred.

"Who knows," he said to his valet, "but that Ben-hadad can give me information? He was my father's friend. If he were at home I would ask him."

"And get a simple 'No' for an answer," returned Beppo. "Do you think your father would have confided the keeping of a Christian maiden to a Jew!"

"My father," said the prince, quickly, "could recognize the true man beneath any garb; and had he found a true heart beating within the gabardine of a Jew, be sure he would have trusted it. Beppo, I have learned to take men for what they are worth, and not for what they are called. The Jew, devoutly following the precepts of his ancient fathers, hath far better claim to honor and trust than hath the Christian who tramples the teachings of the Saviour under his feet. Aye, better an honest Pagan than a false Christian. Better—a thousand times better—the true-hearted Moslem than a false-hearted follower of the Cross!"

"You are right, my lord. By my life! you are right. My own ideas, exactly, though I might not have dared to express them."

"I dare to tell the truth at any time. Bah! Look at the government of this Christian city."

"Christian in name, my master, but with all the rich blessings of its professed religion buried beneath the heel of injustice and oppression.

"You speak truly, Beppo. But we wait uselessly here. The shades of night are falling, and we will return. I may meet his Jew at another time. Though I look not for Zenelia here, yet Ben-hadad was my father's trusted friend, and I would see him on that account. Even if he cannot help me in my search, I would cultivate his friendship."

"Aye," suggested Beppo, with a shrug of the shoulders, "and, if I mistake not, you have somewhat at stake in his hands."

"Verily, I have, Beppo. In my deep anxiety in another direction I forbore to think that Ben-hadad was my father's banker. I think he holds not a little treasure of my own."

"And you deem it safe!"

"Entirely so. But I will see the Jew tonight. He has a bank at the Casino."

As the gondola approached the Rialto, the prince directed Beppo to land, and go up to the inn kept by old Anselmo.

"If you find the Marquis de St. Moray there," he added, "ask him to send one of his tickets for the Casino. If he is not there, get them of Anselmo himself."

The tickets were procured, and the gondola was started on again.

Later in the evening Alonzo assumed the garb of a herald, and put on a blue mask, while Beppo donned the guise of an esquire, with a mask of white satin, slashed with black. Thus equipped they entered a gondola, and were pulled to the Casino, where their tickets gained them ready admittance to the hall. The place was well filled, and the playing was going on with spirit. The prince recognized several of his friends, but was not recognized in return. He was sure that in the dark-robed man who sauntered up and down the hall, seeming to be engaged only in his own reflections, but in reality watching the players, he recognized the Councillor Rinaldi; but he did not venture near.

The Jew Ben-hadad was at his bank, where, for a time, he was kept busily engaged in exchanging money and cashing drafts and cheques. At length he was left to himself, and while engaged in arranging his papers he was interrupted by a blue mask.

"How now, Sir Herald?"

"I speak with the Jew Ben-hadad!"

"I am he."

"Can I speak privately with you?"

"You can see, Signor, as well as I, the opportunities for privacy in this hall. At the present moment I think we are alone."

The seeming herald drew a paper from his packet and handed it to the Jew.

"How!" exclaimed the money-changer, in surprise. "A cheque for fifty thousand ducats! And from Alonzo—

"Hush! Not so loud."

"I cannot cash this here, Signor."

"You have not the money!"

"I will be frank with you, Sir Herald," said the Jew, scanning the paper carefully, and then raising his eyes to the face of the prince, "I have the money, but I must know more of this cheque. I am not acquainted with the signature of the prince."

"But you hold moneys belonging to him!"

"That matters not, Signor. I would honor the true signature of Alonzo de Verona, though it called for twice fifty thousand ducats."

"Enough. Give me the cheque, Ben-hahad; be cautious. I am the prince."

"You!"

The herald drew off his glove and extended his right hand, upon the middle finger of which was a large sapphire, surrounded by bed of azure light the crest of the house of Verona. The Jew looked, and for a moment he trembled, and seemed troubled; but he was quickly calm again, and said, in a careful tone:

"My son, I am pleased to be able to welcome you, and to bestow upon you a prayer to God for blessing."

"Thank you, Ben-hadad. I was sure that one who had loved the father, would not turn coldly from the son."

"Assuredly not, Alonzo. But we must be brief here. Can I serve you! If you wish for the fifty thousand ducats, they are—"

"No, no, Ben-hadad, I want no money at present. I am in search of something of far more value. You remember the girl called Zenelia, whom my father adopted!"

"I think I remember her, Signor."

"I am seeking her. Can you give me any clew to her whereabouts!"

"In the name of God's holy prophets!" cried Ben-hadad, elevating his eyebrows, "but this is passing strange. Methinks I should be the last man of whom you should ask such information. I saw the girl once—perhaps twice—in your palace. But that was long ago. You say she is gone!"

"She is gone, Ben-hadad. You were my father's friend, and of friends I must ask for the information I seek."

Aye; but you forget, young man, that I am a Jew."

"Yes," replied Alonzo, promptly, "and remember only that you are a man. Were I in search of a creed, I might ask what was your religion; but when I seek friendship, I care not for religious beliefs, nor for nationalities."

"Alonzo de Verona, thou art bold."

"Aye, when I feel that I am right. See—by yonder table—the dark robe and the black mask—is not that Rinaldi!"

Ben-hadad looked, and his frame quivered convulsively.

"It is," he whispered.

"And he is a Councilor of the State; and yet I hold thee as a better man. But enough of this. Canst thou not aid me? Canst thou give me no clew? Or, if we may not speak freely here, I will call at thy house."

"No," answered the Jew, quickly, and with evident alarm; "there is no need. I can give thee no clew."

"You were with my father during his last hours. Did you not hear him say——

"Hush, Signor! here comes a stranger. You may see me here; but come not to my dwelling. I am seldom there."

The prince gave way to a man who had come to present a cheque, and shortly afterwards he left the Casino, in company with his valet, and summoned his gondola. Near the Rialto he directed the gondolier to pull for a landing, where he and Beppo went out.

"What now, my lord?"

"I wish to see the Marquis de St. Moray. We will go up to Anselmo's inn, and the gondola may go on. We can walk home when we are ready.

They had reached a point where the shadow of the Rialto fell darkly upon the quay, when their attention was attracted by a cry for help; and upon looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, they saw, close by the abutment of the marble arch of the bridge, three men, two of whom appeared to have fallen upon the third.

"Hold, my lord," whispered Beppo, plucking his master by the sleeve. "Think twice before you interfere in the quarrels of others."

"This is no quarrel, but a downright assault. It may be a robbery, perhaps an assassination. See the poor man struggle. And he seems old, too. What ho, there!"

With these words, Alonzo drew his sword, and hurried forward towards the scene of disturbance.

"Help! help!" cried the struggling man. "In God's name, help!"

While one of the villians held the victim, the other turned towards the new comer. They were both masked, and were clad in black.

"Back, Signor! If you meddle here, it may be worse for you."

"But what do you with that man?"

"Whatever we may do concerns you not. Stand back, or you may get a taste of my stiletto."

"Ha!" exclaimed the prince, firing at this threat. "Set your steel against mine if you dare."

"Beware, meddler. If you push me, I'll strip the mask from your eyes, and——"

At this point the hero observed that the second ruffian had stricken the victim a severe blow upon the head, and was dragging him away towards the canal, and with sudden and indignant impulse he knocked the speaker down by a blow in the face, and sprang to the assistance of the old man.

"Villain, wretch!" he cried, grasping the assailant by the collar, and hurling him backward. "Leave this old man to me.

The scoundrel drew his sword and sprang upon the intruder; but he very soon found that he had met more than his match.

"Back! back!" shouted the prince. "I seek not your harm if you do not push me, but this old man you shall not have."

How the matter might have ended had Alonzo been left alone to fight his way out of it, we cannot say, but Beppo, when he saw that his master was fairly engaged, drew his own sword, and came to the rescue.

"Hold!" cried he whom the prince had knocked down, and who had now been disarmed by the valet; "we give in. Perazzo, we will do our work at another time."

At this the man who stood before Alonzo stepped back and dropped the point of his sword, saying, as he did so:

"Signor, I will look beneath your mask before you are four-and-twenty hours older. The officers of the Secret Three do not invite bravery in public places. Now, Bassano, I am ready to accompany you."

And with this the two dark-robed men sheathed their swords and walked down to the canal, where they betook themselves to their gondola.

"Perazzo! Bassano!" muttered Beppo, after they had gone. "By Saint Mark! this is sorry business, my master. They are familiars of the Inquisition!"

"It is them be who they may," returned the prince. "And, my Beppo, we have the advantage of them. They know us not. But let us look to this poor fellow."

The victim was sitting upon one of the projections of the abutment, where he had sunk down when his assailant had let go his arm, but he arose as the prince approached. He was a man well advanced in years, with a full beard of silvery whiteness, and straggling locks of the same hue escaping from beneath a close-fitting red cap. His face was dark, and the form of his features, as well as the garb he wore, bespoke him a Moor; and when he spoke the Moorish accent was apparent.

"Good sir," said the prince, kindly, "I trust you have received no harm."

"Nothing serious, Signor. But how is it with yourself?"

"All is well with me."

"But," pursued the Moor, tremulously, "I heard you speak of the Inquisition. Were those men of its officers?"

"So my servant thinks. But they are gone, and what has been done cannot be now undone. If they were of the Inquisition what could they want with you!"

"In truth, noble Signor, I know not," answered the old man, earnestly and with ingenuous frankness. "I am a Moor, as you may see, and a stranger in Venice. I came hither but yesterday, and have done no evil to anyone, nor has a thought of evil entered my mind. My mission was one of love and not of enmity. To-night, without warning, I was seized by the two men whom you have driven off. They gave me no reason for their ruffianly conduct further than to inform me that I must go with them."

"Can you imagine no cause for their course!" asked Alonzo. "They were evidently familiars of the State Inquisition and spies of the Council of Ten."

The Moor reflected a little while, and then asked, in a whispered tone:

"Do you know, in Venice, a man of the name of Dagolfo!"

"I think I do," replied the prince.

"Can you tell me if he is connected with the State Inquisition!"

"Aye. He is the chief spy of the Secret Three."

"Then," said the old man, "this outrage upon my person is a mystery no more. In all the world there is but one man whom I have cause to fear—but one man who can fear me—and that man now calls himself Dagolfo."

"Have you friends in Venice!"

"There is one who was my friend in other years; but I dare not seek him now. Before he sees my face I have a work to do—a holy work—a work of love."

The prince was more deeply interested than he could have told. He was drawn towards the Moor by a bond of secret sympathy—a sympathy springing not only from mutual enmity to the spy, but also from the similarity of the business in which they were engaged.

"Good sir," he said, "this Dagolfo is like to be my enemy as he is yours; and who knows but that we may be of assistance to each other. Will you tell me your name, and whence you came!"

"If I tell you my name, will you pledge yourself not to divulge it without my consent!"

"I do so pledge myself."

"Then, fair sir, my name is Maleck, and I came hither from Smyrna. Ask me no more at present. And now, may I know to whom I am indebted for this rescue!"

"On the same condition you imposed upon me."

"I will be secret, Signor."

"I am Alonzo de Verona."

"What! son of the Count Antonio!"

"Ha! Did you know my father!"

"I met him, years ago, in Constantinople."

At this juncture Beppo pulled his master by the sleeve.

"We must adjourn this meeting, my lord. Some one approaches."

The prince looked, and saw a party coming down from the bridge.

"Maleck," he said, taking the Moor by the hand, "we can remain here no longer in safety. Whither will you go!"

"I can care for myself henceforth, my lord. The enemy has given me sufficient warning, and I think I can avoid him. If the worst comes, I shall seek the friend of whom I spoke. Look to your own safety, and I will do the same. We shall very likely meet again."

"But," interposed the prince, "suppose I should wish to communicate with you, where shall I find out!"

"I cannot tell you now, my lord. I have my work to do, and, meanwhile, must hide from the spy. When I have fixed upon a habitation I will give you some sign."

"Come, come," urged Beppo, "strangers are at hand."

The Moor glided away beneath the deep arch, while Alonzo and his attendant ascended to the Rialto. But the prince did not stop at the inn, for the adventure which had just befallen him had driven all thought of the French marquis from his mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPY IN A NEW CHARACTER.

It was past midnight when Alonzo de Verona ascended to the vestibule of his palace, and without disturbing any of his servants, he repaired at once to his chamber. He had laid aside his mask, and thrown off the herald's habit, when his old major-domo entered without ceremony.

"How now, Bernardo!"

"Excuse me, my lord. I meant, if you had retired, not to disturb you. There is a stranger in the hall, who would speak with you."

"Who is he!"

"I know him not."

"What manner of man doth he appear!"

"He wears a black mask, and his appearance is startling. I told him you had retired, but he doubted it. He said you had just entered, and declared that he wished to see you for your own good."

"Light the lamps in the library, Bernardo, and conduct the stranger thither. I will see him."

The steward departed upon his mission, and when the prince had thrown on a robe of crimson velvet, lined with white silk, and bound with sash of the same, he repaired to the library, where the lamps had been lighted. Ere long Bernardo appeared, and ushered in the stranger, who remained in the background until his usher had gone and closed the door behind him.

"Now, sir stranger," said the prince, with his right hand resting upon the table, close by the hilt of his sword, "who are you, and what is your business!"

The visitor advanced into the light, and removed his mask. The face thus revealed was dark and forbidding, and the strongly marked features a of Bedouin type. The eyes had a greenish hue, and glittered with just such light as illumes the eyes of a cat in the gloom.

"Do you not know me, Signor!"

"Not so, Signor. The color upon your face, coming and going like wind driven clouds, tells me that you comprehend."

The prince met the keen, searching glance of those cat-like eyes, and trembled. He was not afraid, and yet in the presence of this man he felt a weight upon his heart that oppressed him.

"Alonzo de Verona," continued the spy, after a pause. "I will not trifle, nor play with words. You seek the maiden called Zenella."

"Well."

"Am I not right!"

"I sought her, and I found her," said the prince, "as you should know."

"Aye, and lost her again."

"Ha!—and did you have a hand in her disappearance!"

"Disappearance from where!"

There was a flash of eagerness upon the spy's face which betrayed his anxiety as he asked this question. It was very evident that, whatever else he knew, he did not know of Count Gonsalvo's presence in this business; and Alonzo was on his guard to keep his friend's secret.

"From my custody," replied the prince, with but little hesitation.

"If the maiden was in your custody now——

"Hold, Sir Spy. I do not object to this question in particular, but I object to all questions from you, as I have already told you."

"Very well," pursued Dagolfo, nodding and smiling as before. "I am going to leave you nothing to suspect. I tell you frankly that I do not know where Zenella found refuge during the time that you had her in charge; but I do know that she escaped from you—that she did it of her own free will and accord, and I know whither she has gone."

The prince started eagerly forward, and then sank back again.

"Ah, Dagolfo, you are setting a trap for me!"

"No so, my lord."

"You bear me no such good-will that you should seek to give me joy and blessing."

"How know you that, Signor!"

"I can only judge from your own words, which you spoke when we met before."

"Tush! My blood was hot then. But I can easily explain. I was then working for another. You know for whom!"

"Aye—for Rinaldi."

"The same; but beware, my lord, how you speak that name. Did Rinaldi know where I am, and what I am doing, at this moment, my life would not be worth the usance of an hour. But I am sure you will not betray me. Rinaldi hath played me false. He played me false in the very business of entrapping the maiden. He made me his tool, and I will be revenged upon him. He has set his heart upon possessing the beautiful girl, and I alone can thwart him; and in order to thwart him successfully I must have your aid. Remember I owe you no ill will. 'Tis true you opposed me once; but you did it openly and manfully, and in good faith."

"But," said the prince, trembling with eagerness, "how can I aid you?"

"The way is plain. I think the maiden loves you and would trust you, and if I would snatch her from the cruel grasp of Rinaldi I must place her under the guard of one whom she loves, else she will not trust me. Don't misunderstand me. I am not tender-hearted. I am very likely selfish and vindictive. I care not so much for your good or for the maiden's weal as for revenge upon Rinaldi. If you say the word, I will guide you to Zenella's retreat."

"And what word must I say!"

"Say that you will seek her and possess her; that you will put it entirely beyond Rinaldi's power to molest her further without infringing upon your rights as a husband."

(To be Continued.)

How the German Waiters Manage.

In Berlin the waiters in beer gardens are very sly in securing their tips. When a guest pays his bill and the waiter has the proper change, the latter returns all the change correctly except ten pfennigs. The water searches industriously in his pockets and displays ostentatiously all his change, but he has no ten pfennig piece. As a general thing the departing guest becomes impatient, and tired of waiting for the small amount, tells the waiter to keep the change.

The celebrated Professor Miller, who was a frequent visitor to the beer gardens, had his curiosity aroused to find out what the waiters did with the ten pfennig pieces, so he watched them. He soon discovered that the waiter put the ten pfennig pieces in the left hand pocket of his vest, while all the rest of the money went into his pants pocket. When Prof. Miller's turn came to pay for his beer, as usual the waiter could not find a ten pfennig piece to complete the change.

"I am afraid," said the waiter, going furiously through his pockets, "that I haven't got a ten pfennig piece."

"Suppose you feel in the left hand pocket of your vest," called the Professor suggestively.

The waiter did so, and as he handed out the requisite coin, he whispered in the Professor's ear: "I guess you were a waiter yourself once upon a time, but don't give the snap away."

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

A pooty bad mans vas always hafe a high inshtep on some of der bumps by his head.

In der race-course of life dots besser you been second to none, for dhen you vas foorst also.

Der feller dot shtood on his last legs vas compelled to walk mit great deal of economy.

Dots besser you don't put some confidences in a shmile. It may laugh some bad dooths droo.

Don't shmear on too much mud on der wheels of time, you don't get dhroo dis life pooty fast enuff.

A pooty bad heart vas yoost der same like a flower in some bad ground dirt; dot's besser you nurse dat mit care.

Der reason vhy der Ruler of der vorld didn't tell you vat vas comin' to-morrow vas because ven you know all about it you don'd vas become impressed mit a sence of debendence on Him, vat you ought to have already.

A Prize Butler.

Host—After all, gentlemen, it is a very simple thing to carve ducks. Here, Wilkins, you may set them before me! Now I'll give you a practical demonstration of the proper way of dismembering a fowl!

[Three minutes later. Enter Wilkins.]

For goodness sake, Wilkins, what are you bringing in!

Wilkins—Mackintoshes for the gentlemen, sir!

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CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH WE TRY SWITZERLAND.

In the morning of one of the hot days in June, Mollie, standing at the window of Phil's studio, turned suddenly toward the inmates of the room with an exclamation.

"Phil!" she said, "Toinette! There is a carriage drawing up before the door."

"Lady Augusta?" said Toinette, making a dart at Tod.

"Confound Lady Augusta!" ejaculated Phil, deeply. "That woman has a genius for presenting herself at inopportune times."

"But it isn't Lady Augusta," Mollie objected. "It isn't a Bilberry carriage at all. Do you think I don't know 'the ark'?"

"You ought to by this time," returned Phil. "It is my own deep grief."

"It is the Brabazon Lodge carriage!" cried Mollie, all at once. "Miss MacDowlas is getting out, and—yes, here is Dolly!"

"And Tod just washed and dressed!" said Mrs. Phil, picking up her offspring with an air of self-congratulation. "Miracle of miracles! The Fates begin to smile upon us. Phil, how is my back hair?"

"All right," returned Phil. "I suppose I shall have to present myself, too."

It was necessary that they should all present themselves, they found. Miss MacDowlas wished to form the acquaintance of the whole family, it appeared, and apart from this her visit had rather an important object.

"It is a sort of farewell visit," she explained "though of course, the farewell is only to be a temporary one. We find London too hot for us, and we are going to try Switzerland. The medical man thinks a change will be beneficial to your sister."

They all looked at Dolly then—at Dolly in her delicate, crisp, summer bravery and her pretty summer hat, but it was neither hat nor dress that drew their eyes upon her all at once in the new questioning way. But Dolly only laughed—a soft, nervous laugh, however—and played with her much-frilled parasol.

"Miss MacDowlas," she said, "is good enough to fancy I am not so well as I ought to be, Tod," bending her face low over the pretty little fellow, who had trotted to her knee. "What do you think of Aunt Dolly's appearing in the character of invalid? It sounds like the best of jokes, doesn't it, Tod?"

They tried to smile responsively, all of them, but the effort was not a success. Despite all her pretence of brightness and coquettish attire, there was not one of them who had not been startled when their first greeting was over. Under the triumph of a hat, her face showed almost sharply cut, her skin far too transparently colorless, her eyes much too large and bright. The elaborately-coiled braids of hair seemed almost too heavy for the slender throat to bear, and no profusion of trimming could hide that the little figure was strangely worn. The flush and glow and spirit had died away from her. It was not the Dolly who had been wont to pride herself upon ruling supreme in Vagabondia, who sat there before them making them wonder; it was a new creature, who seemed quite a stranger to them.

They were glad to see how fond of her Miss MacDowlas appeared to be. They had naturally not had a very excellent opinion of Miss MacDowlas in the past days, but the fact that Dolly had managed to so win upon her as to bring out her best side, quite softened their hearts. She was not so prim and cold. Her antipathy to Grif had evidently been her most unpleasant peculiarity, and now seeing her care for this new Dolly, who needed care so much, they were rather touched.

When the farewells had been said, the carriage had driven away and they had returned to the studio, a curious silence seemed to fall upon them, one and all. Toinette sat in her chair, holding Tod, without speaking; Mollie stood near her with a wondering, downcast air; Phil went to the window, and, neglecting his picture wholly for the time being, looked out into the street whistling softly.

At length he turned round to Aimee.

"Aimee," he said, abruptly, "how long has this been going on?"

"You mean this change?" said Aimee, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"For three months," she answered. "I did not like to tell you because I knew she would not like it—but it dates from the time Grif went away."

Mrs. Phil burst into an impetuous gush of tears, hiding her handsome, girlish face on Tod's neck.

"It is a shame!" she cried out. "It is a cruel, burning shame! Who would ever have thought of Grif's treating her like this?"

"Yes," said Phil, "and who would ever have thought that Dolly would have broken down? Dolly! By George! I can't believe it. If I am able to judge, it seems time that she should try something else besides—" Aimee, has she heard nothing of him?"

"Nothing."

The young man flushed hotly.

"Confound it!" he burst forth. "It looks as if the fellow was a dishonorable scamp. And yet he is the last man I should ever have fancied would prove a scamp."

"But he has not proved himself a scamp yet," said Aimee, in a troubled tone. "And Dolly would not like to hear you say so. And if you knew the whole truth you wouldn't say so. He has been tried too far, and he has been impetuous and rash, but it was love for Dolly that made him so. And wherever he may be, Phil, I know he is as wretched and hopeless as Dolly herself could be at the worst. It has all been misunderstanding and mischance."

"He has broken Dolly's heart, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Phil. "And if she dies—"

"Dies!" cried out Mollie, opening her great eyes and turning pale all at once. "Dies! Dolly?"

"Hush!" said Aimee, trembling and losing color herself. "Oh, hush!—don't say such things. It sounds so dreadful—it is too dreadful to think of!"

And so it came about that on another of these hot June days, there appeared at the *table d'hote* of a certain well-conducted and already well-filled inn at Lake Geneva two new arrivals—a tall, thin, elderly lady of excessively English exterior, and a young person, who attracted some attention—a girl who wore a long, black dress, and had a picturesque Elizabethan frill about her fair, too-slender throat, and who, in spite of her manner and the cleanness of her bright voice, was a thought too whitely transparent of complexion and too finely cut of face to look as strong as a girl of one or two and twenty ought to be.

The people who took stock of them, after the manner of all unoccupied hotel sojourners on the lookout for sensations, noticed this. One or two of them even observed that on entering the room after the slight exertion of descending the staircase, the girl was slightly out of breath and seemed glad to sit down, and, that her companion evidently making some remark upon the fact, she half laughed, as if wishing to make light of it, and they noticed, too, that her naturally small hands were so very slender that her one simple little ring of amethyst and pearls slipped loosely up and down her finger.

They were not ordinary tourists, these new arrivals, it was clear. Their attire told that at once. They had removed their traveling dresses, and looked as if they had quite made up their minds to enjoying their customary mode of life as if they had been at home. They had no courier, the wiseacres had ascertained, and they had brought a neat English serving-woman, who seemed to know her business marvellously well and to be by no means unaccustomed to traveling.

"Aunt and niece!" commented one gentleman, surveying Dolly over his soup. "A nice little creature—the niece." And he mentally resolved to cultivate her acquaintance. But it was not such an easy matter. The new arrivals were unlike ordinary tourists in other respects than in their settled mode of life. They did not seem to care to form chance acquaintances with their fellow guests. They lived quietly and, unless when driving out together or taking short, unfatiguing strolls, remained much in their apartments. They appeared at the *table d'hote* occasionally, but though they were pleasant in manner they were not communicative, and at after a week or so, people tired of asking questions about them, and lapsed into merely exchanging greetings, and looking on with some interest at any changes they observed in the pretty, transparent, though always bright face, and the pliant, soft, young figure.

Even Miss MacDowlas and her companion "tried Switzerland."

"It will do you good, my dear, and brace you up," the elder had said, and from the bottom of her heart she had hoped it would.

And did it?

Well, the last time Dolly had "tried Switzerland," she had tried it in the capacity of Lady Augusta's governess, and she had held in charge a host of ra ipant young Bilberrys, who secretly hated their daily duties, and were not remarkable in the matter of filial piety, and were only reconciled to existence by the occasional visits of their parent's greatest rival, that highly objectionable Dorothea Crewe. So, taking Lady Augusta's children with her young charges, the girl had often felt her lot by no means the easiest in the world; but youth and spirit, and those oft arriving letters, had helped her to bear a great deal, and so there was still something sweet about the memory. Oh, those old letters—those foolish, passionate, tender letters—written in the dusty, hot London office, read with such happiness, and answered on such closely-penned sheets of foreign paper! How she had used to watch for them, and carry them to her small bedroom and read them again and again, kneeling on the floor by the open window, the fresh, soft summer breezes from the blue lake far below stirring her hair and kissing her forehead! How doubly and trebly fair she had been wont to fancy everything looked on that "letter day" of hers—that red-letter day—that golden-letter day!

The very letters she had written then lay in her trunk now, tied together in a bundle, just as Grif had brought them and laid them down upon the table when he gave her up for ever. Her "dead letter" lay with them—that last, last appeal, which had never reached his heart, and never would. She had written her last letter to him, and he his last to her. And now she had been brought to "try Switzerland," and Lake Geneva as a Lethe.

But she had determined to be practical and courageous, and bear it as best she might. It would not have been like her to give way at once without a struggle. She did not believe in love-lorn damsels, who pined away and died of broken hearts, and made all their friends uncomfortable by so doing. She made a struggle, and refused to give up. She grew prettily shadowy and fair, but it was under protest, and she battled against the change she felt creeping upon her so slowly but so surely. She showed a brave face to people, and tried to be as bright and ready-witted as ever, and if she failed it was not her own fault. She fought hard against her sleepless nights and weary days; and when she lay awake hour after hour fearing the clock strike, it was not because she made no effort to compose herself, it was only because the delicate wheels of thought would work against her helpless will, and it was worse than useless to close her eyes when she could see so plainly her lost lover's desperate, anguished face, and hear so distinctly his strained, strangely-altered voice: "No, it is too late for that now—that is all over!" And he had once loved her better than his life!

So it was that, try as she might, she could not make Switzerland a success. When she went down to the *table d'hote*, people saw that instead of growing stronger she was growing more frail, and in the exertion of coming down the long flight of stairs tried her more than it had seemed to do that first day. Sometimes she had a soft, lovely, dangerous color on her cheeks, and her eyes looked almost translucent; and then again the color was gone, her skin was white and transparent, and her eyes were shadowy and languid. When the hot July days came in, the ring of pearls and amethyst would stay on the small worn hand no longer, and was slipped off and hung with the little bunch of coquettish charms upon her chain. But she was not conquered yet, and the guests and servants often heard her laughing, and making Miss MacDowlas laugh as they sat together in their private parlor.

The two were sitting thus together one Saturday early in July—Dolly in a loose white wrapper, resting in a low basket chair by the open window, and fanning herself languidly—when a visitor was announced, and the moment after the announcement a tall young lady rushed into the room and clasped Dolly unceremoniously in her arms, either not observing or totally ignoring Miss MacDowlas's presence.

"Dolly!" she cried, kneeling down by the basket chair and speaking so fast that her words tumbled over each other, and her sentences were curiously mingled. "Oh! if you please, dear, I know it wasn't polite, and I never meant to do it in such an unexpected, awfully rude way; and what mamma would say, I am sure I cannot tell, unless go into dignified convulsions, and shudder herself stiff; but how could I help it, when I came expecting to see you as bright and lovely as ever, and caught a glimpse of you through the door, as the servant spoke, sitting here so white and thin and tired-looking! Oh dear! oh dear! how ever can it be!"

"My dear Phemie!" said Dolly, laughing and crying both at once, though weakly enough and sympathy—for of course poor easily-moved Phemie had burst into a flood of affectionate tears. "My dear child, how ever did you are, and how pleasant it is to see you! How did you manage to come?"

"The professor with the lumpy face—poor, pale darling—I mean you, not him," explained the eldest Miss Bilberry, clinging to her governess as if she was afraid of seeing her through the open window. "The professor with the lumpy face, Dolly; which shows he is not so horrid as I always thought him, and I am very sorry for being so inconsiderate, I am sure mamma cannot bear his lumps any more than I can help my dreadful red hands and my dresses not fitting."

Dolly stopped her here to introduce her to Miss MacDowlas, and that lady having welcomed her good-naturedly, and received her incoherent apologies for her impetuous lack of decorum, the explanation proceeded.

"How could the professor send you here?" asked Dolly.

"He did not exactly send me, but he helped me," replied the luckless Euphemia, becoming a trifle more coherent. "I saw you at the little church, though you did not see me, because, of course, we sit in the most disagreeable part, just where we can't see or be seen at all. And though I only saw you at a distance, she through your veil, and half behind a pillar, I knew you, and knew Miss MacDowlas. I think I knew Miss MacDowlas more than she wasn't behind the pillar. And it nearly drove me crazy to think you were so near, and I gave one of the servants some money to find out where you were staying, and she brought me word that you were staying here, and meant to stay. And then I asked the lady principal to let me come to you, and of course she refused; and I never should have been able to come at all, only it chanced that was my music-mode of life as if they had been at home. They had no courier, the wiseacres had ascertained, and they had brought a neat English serving-woman, who seemed to know her business marvellously well and to be by no means unaccustomed to traveling.

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Inspired by this bright example, the crowd, which had mustered in force, pressed silver and copper coins on the poverty-stricken individual who had sought a watery grave. Soon a very fair sum of money was in his possession, and, with many protestations of gratitude and promises that he would endeavor in future to take life as it comes and not be so impetuous, his ally, he slowly quitted the spot in company with the man who had so gallantly rescued him. Now it so happened that a police inspector had found his way among the throng, and, feeling less confidence in human nature than the worthy holiday makers who had been pouring francs and half-francs into the pockets of the would-be suicide, bethought himself of keeping an eye on the couple. The pair walked on until they reached a public house outside the beaten track, and into this place of refreshment the inspector followed them. Oddly enough, their arrival appeared to be expected with some impatience, for quite an assemblage of their friends greeted them with enthusiasm. Drinks were ordered by the poor man who had just been fished out of the Seine, and as they were being discussed he gave the company a graphic account of his adventure; but the story was a very different one from that which the horror-stricken spectators of the thrilling incident would have related. Instead of eliciting exclamations of sympathy and congratulations it was received with peals of laughter, in which, strange to say, the rescued man and his gallant preserver joined heartily. The whole thing had been got up between them. One man threw himself into the river to attract the attention of the crowd; the other followed, and the tale of suicide was thus invented. The accomplice gave his money to the friend whom he had pulled out, in order that the bystanders might be induced to contribute freely. The "little game," however, was entirely spoiled by the police inspector marching the two rogues off to the nearest station. There are many such impostors in Paris.

Arrived in Due Time.

Impatient employer.—Michael! are you on or are you not going to send that water up? I'll give you just two minutes more to do so."

End of the aforesaid two minutes.

Michael was the new janitor. He had been there but one week, and it was his last.

Wilkeisms.

In Wilkes' later years, he became reconciled to the king, and was occasionally found at the court receptions. Some time before took a liking to the old demagogue who had been a great annoyance to himself and the House of Commons. "How is your old friend Glynn, Mr. Wilkes?" asked the king. "My old friend, your majesty!" answered Wilkes; "he is no friend of mine. He was a Wilkesite, which I never was." The old politician was dining one day with the Prince of Wales, subsequently George the Fourth, who, being then estranged from his father, said bitter things against him. Wilkes, whose impudence and independence were notorious, proposed the king's health. "Why, how long is it since you became so loyal?" said the prince. "Ever since I had the pleasure of knowing your royal highness," was the saucy reply. A long mayor of London had begun life as a mason, and had accumulated a fortune. At one of the city dinners he, after dining on turbot and venison, was eating a large quantity of beef with his cheese. "Why, brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a trowel!"

The Wrong Bowl.

A traveler was eating supper in the stuffy saloon of a Chesapeake Bay steamboat, and when he had finished the meal, the waiter brought a finger-bowl, with that extra touch of colored politeness which preceded the expected fee. The guest moistened his fingers and lips from the bowl, and then a look of surprise overspread his face. "What is this?" he asked. "Water, sah." "It's kerosene." "Water, sah." "I tell you it's kerosene," said the guest, angrily, as the fumes of coal oil arose from his mustache and fingers. "What do you take me for! Do you think my mustache is a lamp-wick? Maybe you think I want to be a torch-light procession!" "Sah!" "Take that stuff away, I tell you," thundered the oil-covered tourist. The terrified waiter obeyed, and a moment later reappeared with another bowl, and said tremblingly: "I reckon you was right, sah. I done gave you the bowl what the lamps drip in, sah."

Didn't Scare Him Much.

It was a noble marquis, and the other morning he found his coachman's children playing about in the stable yard. Thinking to awe the youngsters by the majesty of his presence he remarked:

"Well, my little man, and do you know who I am?"

"Yes," replied the embryo 'ostler, "you're the man as rides in father's carriage."

Preferred Laudanum.

Mistress (to applicant)—Yes; I have advertised for a nurse. Are you competent to take care of young children?

Applicant—Oh, yis, mum.

Mistress—You never give them paregoric to quiet them?

Applicant—Niver, mum. I allers prefers laudanum.

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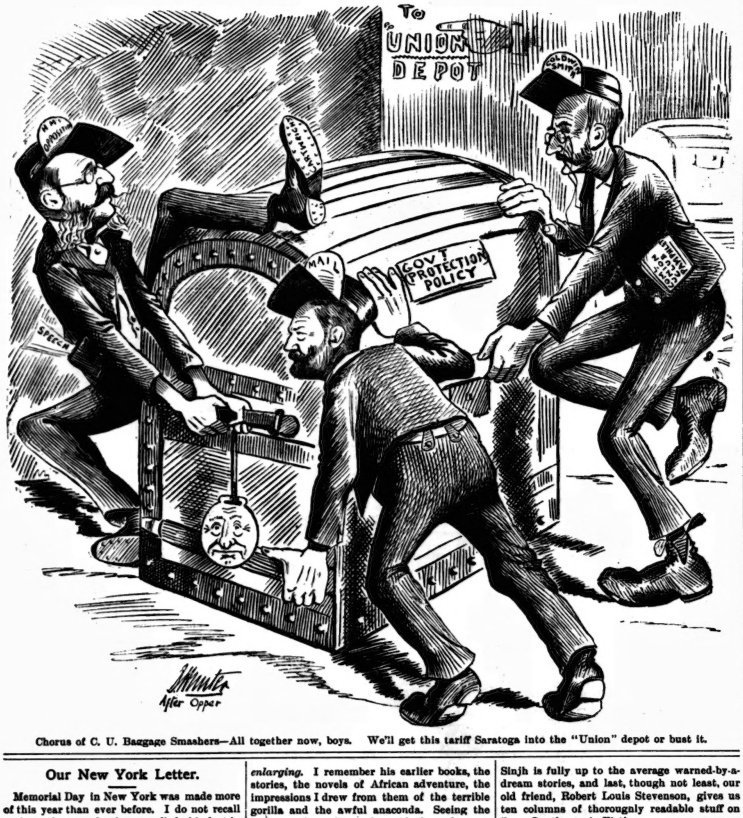
AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

A "Fake" Suicide.

An exciting scene was witnessed by the people who were walking along the quays in the neighborhood of the Point de l'Alma, Paris, the other afternoon. Just as the crowd was at its thickest a poor man suddenly jumped on the parapet of the bridge and threw himself over into the Seine. As he was struggling in the water another man jumped into the river after him, and succeeded in bringing him safe to the shore. The spectators of this thrilling incident clustered around the poor fellow and his gallant preserver and asked him why he had taken so rash a step. Want, he replied, had driven him to suicide. Moved to tears by the afflicting narrative, the man to whom this victim of circumstances over which he had no control, owed his life, put his hand into his pocket, and, producing all the cash which he had about him, presented it to the sufferer.

(To be Continued.)

A Tough Job.



Chorus of C. U. Baggage Smashers—All together now, boys. We'll get this tariff Saratoga into the "Union" depot or bust it.

Our New York Letter.

Memorial Day in New York was made more of this year than ever before. I do not recall or hear of a parade that equalled this last in number or attraction. The day was one of great discomfort; heavy as to atmosphere, warm as to sun, whose heat was not tempered by coming to us through the medium of leaden clouds that covered the sky as a dull, lifeless mass of dirty water-soaked cotton. What Decoration Day or Memorial Day, which I prefer and believe most people do who give the subject a thought, means to us Americans, what spirit of reverence it carries for noble deeds and nobler reason for the deeds, seems to us best impressed by a grand parade, by a calling forth of the military, by the beating of drums and the blaring of trumpets. The lesson of the day, I think, could not be enforced upon the growing generation, in a quieter way. These need a public, a sounding showing of the truth and the love of American patriotism. Can one think of aught that we have in our national life more worthy the striking of cymbals than the record of heroism and the great accomplishment that we celebrate with the show of pageant and commemorate with the laying on of flowers? And the rebellion to many of us is a matter of history, a memory only of written record; its results, the present fact of a united country is our pride and our motive for patriotism. A significant element of our parade was the presence of a company of a Virginia regiment, uniformed in gray, suggesting, no doubt, to many of the G. A. R., a strange contrast. For me, and for many, for us all, the significance of the gray was that of harmony. The blue was bordered by the gray, the blue and the gray were blended. Let them be in our hearts, too, and let us all find cause for congratulation and for pride of nation, not of section, in doing honor to those who died.

Our police are dubbed "the finest," and, indeed, they were a splendid looking lot of stalwarts when marching up Broadway on their annual parade. A special feature of last Thursday's turnout was the presentation of a new flag. Inspectors Byrnes and Williams were especially noticed by the crowds that lined the street in spite of a steady rain. The name of Capt. Williams is a familiar one, I should imagine to every tough in New York, and a name that to them is a synonym for a strong arm and a fearless mind. His reputation was made in one of the worst wards in town and the good effects of his rule there will remain.

Lights and Shadows—a new melodrama, by Charles Gaylor, after having been shown in Philadelphia a week was brought out here at the Standard. It is better than most of the plays of revolving scenery and realistic effects. Several of the sets are really very fine, particularly a view of the bridge from the docks, and an underground den of cut-throats. In this a startling situation is developed by the opening of a water gate in the wall by which the tide is let in upon the erring brother who has sought the place to rescue a long lost sister. It is real water and wet at that, as shown by the skirts of the young woman who runs frantically about in it. But the piece is really an interesting one, and I've no doubt will meet with the success elsewhere that it has attained here.

Paul Du Chaillu in person is hardly one's ideal of the mighty hunter and traveler. He appears a smallish man, very dark as to complexion, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a manner—well, he is a Frenchman, and possesses in full abundance every characteristic of his race—a quick, nervous way, always suggesting to the unknowing great excitement, a tendency to grandiloquence, a bent toward *enlarging*. I remember his earlier books, the stories, the novels of African adventure, the impressions I drew from them of the terrible gorilla and the awful anaconda. Seeing the writer and recalling those ideals makes me think that perchance he belongs wholly to the romantic school, that he is a great exponent of this cult. The Land of the Midnight Sun is a charming series of travel pictures, and the land of which it tells is one of the most romantic and picturesque in all geography.

Robert Louis Stevenson's stepson is a young man of about twenty-two, I should say, a tall fellow, wears glasses, has light hair worn in a state of utter confusion, a striking face and full of animation and character. It is said that he inherits much of his mother's cleverness.

CARRINGTON.

NEW YORK, June 4.

Books and Magazines.

A Gate of Flowers is the taking title of a small book of poems by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., who is already known to many of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT as an elocutionist and lecturer. The author secures the good-will of the reader at the outset by the sensible preface which ushers in his numbers. A Gate of Flowers is not one of those works which are published "at the earnest request of several friends," but should "the literary wayfarer find a moment of restful pleasure, the purpose of publication will have been attained." A perusal of the different numbers has afforded us much pleasure, and whilst we do not claim for the author the highest level of verse writing, neither can we relegate him to the dull plane of mediocrity. The pulse of national feeling beats strongly in his stirring lines on A Song of Canadian Rivers, and pleasant and restful is the subdued coloring of his Reverie, on page 26.

As his name implies, the author of these poems is of Irish parentage and a single glance at his work is sufficient to show the spark of patriotism is not quenched in his poetic breast. We can only regret the events which produced his touching poem of "Ireland in 1880," although we are unable to credit him with entire originality in this number, the key note of which, if memory fails us not, was struck by Denis Florence McCarthy in the latter's fine poem of "Ireland in 1847," and we confess that we are a little astonished at the extraordinary vitality of stricken Erin in the poem on page 51 where Mr. O'Hagan informs us that

> "Though Erin's heart a sword has pierced,
> And she kneels by her dead in the west,"

but as our author seldom indulges in the pleasantry of poetic license perhaps it is hypercritical to dwell too much on this single shortcoming. A Christmas Chant is one that will echo sweetly in many ears, and pleasant and tender withal are the sentiments breathed in the lines on college life. SATURDAY NIGHT will publish one of Mr. O'Hagan's poems in the near future.

Our old friend *Scribners* opens its June number—just to hand—with an interesting and instructive article on The Building of a Railway, by Thomas Curtis Clarke. The opening chapters of the serial story, A London Life, appear in these pages, and promise to be of interest. An interesting article, too, is Hospital Life, by A. B. Ward. Cardinal Newman is the subject of an article by Augustine Burell, wherein the venerable ecclesiastic is described in language which will be read with pleasure by students of every school of thought. Canadians will be especially interested in a poem on Despondency, by A. Lampman of Ottawa, who has already done good work for our home papers. Lalor Abboo Sinjh is fully up to the average warned-by-a-dream stories, and last, though not least, our old friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, gives us ten columns of thoroughly readable stuff on Some Gentlemen in Fiction.

Day Weddings.

But little latitude is allowed in the outer clothing for this occasion. A choice of two styles of coat is permitted, the cut-a-way and the Prince Albert, with a preference for the former distinctly apparent. At many of the most fashionable affairs of this nature occurring in England and New York this year and last, the cut a-way coat was worn by all the members of the bridal parties. In England it is superseding the Prince Albert for all occasions, and there is no doubt it is in this country making rapid progress in the same direction. Nevertheless, the double-breasted frock has been too long recognized as the only proper garment for dressy day entertainments to be driven from its supremacy without a struggle, and at some of the affairs in London and New York, where matters of this nature have received careful attention, it has prevailed in spite of the decline that is apparent elsewhere. The cut-a-way coat is unquestionably a great popular favorite for all day occasions, but it must be borne in mind that the coat for an afternoon canter, for instance, though in cut nearly the same as the one provided for a wedding, presents differences in fabric and in finish that individualize it and mark a distinction. These are important points to the man who studies the art of dress, and they should be to a certain extent observed by all. Whichever coat is worn it must be black, and of a finished fabric, usually a fine diagonal. If a cut a-way, four buttons are looked upon as more dressy than three, and the buttons must be covered either with silk or the material of which the coat is made, and never of an uncovered substance as horn, rubber etc. The Prince Albert reaches a little above the bend of the knee, is double breasted, is bound with silk braid and silk faced, has four buttons, and the materials diagonal worsteds.

The Vest—The vest accompanying either style is of the same cloth as the coat; it has five buttons to match those on the coat, and the notch collar. It is cut rather lower than last season, with the intention of giving a fuller display of the scarf and shirt bosom.

Trousers—The trousers should be of cassimere, or other fine, smooth-finished goods in a light ground, relieved by a darker stripe or invisible check. The tone of the trousers should be on the drab or stone color, and this shading should be produced by the combination of the ground color with the figure effects, in preference to plain goods.

The above styles furnished by Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin Block, Toronto.

He Must Remind Him.

Aged journalist (who has just made away with a second glass of beer)—By the way, barkeep, did I pay you last night for the beer I drank?

Barkeeper—No, Colonel, you didn't pay yesterday, nor the day before yesterday, nor the day before that, nor——

Journalist—This will never do. We can't get along this way. You must not forget to remind me some of these days when I don't pay.

Versatile.

Patient—I wish you would prescribe for me, doctor. I am nervous and restless and my sleep is disturbed by nightmares hideous enough for delirium tremens.

Doctor—Possibly your heart is diseased. Do you lie on the right side?

Patient—Great Scott, doctor, I thought you knew that I am running an independent newspaper and have to lie on all sides.

How He Fixed Mr. Bobson.

"Do you always use the word whilst, Mr. Bobson?" inquired the managing editor, looking over the local columns of the morning issue.

"Yes, sir," replied the new reporter; "I thing it's a more elegant word than while."

"After this week, Mr. Bobson," said the managing editor, making a memorandum, "you may work in the janitorial department for a whilst."

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The Brotherhoods.

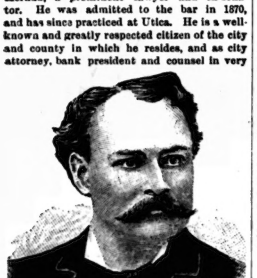
Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

The members of the Supreme Council of this powerful organization have met this week for the 11th annual session, and SATURDAY NIGHT extends its most cordial felicitations on this memorable event. The hospitalities of the city have been extended with no niggardly hand; everything has been, and is being done to make the delegates feel that they are not strangers, but that they have been taken in and received with the right hand of good fellowship.

Toronto has always been a favorite stopping place with Americans, and it is to be hoped that our guests this week will feel on their departure from our midst that it was a pleasant thing to have enjoyed the hospitality of the Queen City of the West. We publish five cuts of the leading members of the Order.

Supreme Regent Smith M. Lindsley is a member of the New York bar, and reside at Utica, in that State, where he conducts an extensive and steadily increasing practice. He was born at Monticello, New York, in 1847, where he received a classical education and further pursued his studies at Wyoming College, Pennsylvania. After the completion of his college course he studied law for about a year at Wilkesbarre, Penn., and then entered the office of Francis Kernan, a prominent lawyer and ex-senator. He was admitted to the bar in 1870, and has since practiced at Utica. He is a well-known and greatly respected citizen of the city and county in which he resides, and as city attorney, bank president and counsel in very



SMITH M. LINDSLEY, UTICA, N.Y.
SUPREME REGENT.

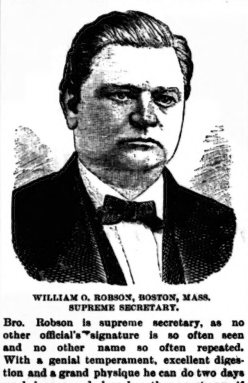
many important cases, he has secured the entire confidence of the community. In the Royal Arcanum he has served as Grand Orator and Grand Regent, and entered the Supreme Council in 1881. In that body he has served on important committees with honor and credit, and in 1883 was elected supreme orator, in 1885 supreme vice-regent and supreme regent in 1887, which office he now holds. He has executive ability of a high order, and is noted for push, promptness, great energy and thorough comprehension of details. These qualifications are supplemented with a social and genial disposition that attracts and retains friends in every jurisdiction.

Supreme Vice-Regent Legh R. Watts is a native of Virginia and son of Dr. Watts of Portsmouth, in which city he was born and still resides. After service in the Confederate army under Gen. Joe Johnston he entered the University of Virginia and graduated with honor in 1867. He practiced law until 1870 when he was elected and afterwards re-elected judge, serving until 1880 when he resumed the

LEGH R. WATTS, PORTSMOUTH, VA.
SUPREME VICE REGENT

practice of his profession. Judge Watts is a well-known citizen in his section of the State, and though he has uniformly declined to accept office, preferring to give his attention to his lucrative practice, he has served as a Democratic elector and presided over the Democratic convention of his State in 1884. He has been a member of the Supreme Council since 1882, having previously served as grand regent in Virginia. He was elected supreme orator at Buffalo in 1885, and in 1887 at Boston was installed supreme vice-regent. Judge Watts is a genial gentleman, an eloquent speaker and a general favorite among his associates.

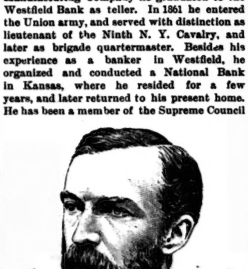
Supreme Secretary W. O. Robson was one of the original nine who organized the Royal Arcanum at Boston in June, 1877, and was the first and has since remained its supreme secretary. Born in Maryland in 1843, he reached Boston in 1870 via Illinois and Connecticut, after a varied experience as school teacher, printer, editor and reporter, in which capacities he was fairly successful and received an invaluable experience to fit him for the responsible office of supreme secretary of a society which has rapidly grown in eleven years from nine members to 84,000. His ability as a rapid and correct stenographer is well known in Boston, where for fifteen years he has been the official reporter of the city government. The entire order knows that



WILLIAM O. ROBSON, BOSTON, MASS.
SUPREME SECRETARY.

Bro. Robson is supreme secretary, as no other official's signature is so often seen and no other name so often repeated. With a genial temperament, excellent digestion and a grand physique he can do two days work in one, and sleep less than most men if occasion requires. His intimate knowledge of the business of the order, which he has nursed from nothing to its present proud proportions, will enable him at the eleventh annual session at Toronto to present a volume of invaluable statistics which he has been preparing with great care for the past two years.

Supreme Treasurer E. A. Skinner is President of the First National Bank of Westfield, N. Y.; a conservative financier, a man of definite views and unflinching integrity. He was born in Erie County, N. Y., in 1841, but early in life removed to Westfield, and was educated at the well-known academy in that town. From the office of the Chautauqua Manufacturing Company he graduated to the Westfield Bank as teller. In 1861 he entered the Union army, and served with distinction as lieutenant of the Ninth N. Y. Cavalry, and later as brigade quartermaster. Besides his experience as a banker in Westfield, he organized and conducted a National Bank in Kansas, where he resided for a few years, and later returned to his present home. He has been a member of the Supreme Council



EDWARD A. SKINNER, WESTFIELD, N.Y.
SUPREME TREASURER.

since 1879, having served at that session as representative from the Grand Council of New York. Elected to the responsible office of supreme treasurer in 1880 he has continued to serve in that capacity with great ability and to the entire satisfaction of the order. No member of the Supreme Council is more respected or more worthy of universal esteem than is Supreme Treasurer Skinner. He annually disburses over two millions of dollars for the Royal Arcanum, and his accounts, like his word, go unquestioned.

Charles F. Loring, Supreme Orator, was born February 25th, 1853, in Marlboro', Mass., being one of nine children of Hollis and Laura W. Loring, a family held in the highest estimation by all who knew them. His father, who died in 1864, was a man respected by all with whom he was brought in contact, both in private and public life. His mother, who now resides in Boston, is one of the old Hitchcock family, and a cousin of the late President Hitchcock of Amherst. Mr. Loring passed the early part of his life in his native town, attended the various schools from primary to high, and then entered Phillips' academy at Andover, and was under the immediate care of Uncle Sam Taylor, the Dr. Arnold of America.

CHARLES F. LORING, BOSTON, MASS.
SUPREME ORATOR.

He acquitted himself with credit in all his studies, and was the recipient of several prizes, among them the Draper prize for declamation, thus giving early promise of his ability in public speaking. With such education and training, and springing from such ancestry, the ripe scholarship, abilities and personal presence of Mr. Loring are not surprising. After graduating at Phillips', he pursued the study of law for three years at Boston, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1873, having but a short time before passed his twenty-first birthday. He is also a member of the bar of the United States courts, and a notary public. He is now a member of the firm of Moulton, Loring & Loring, engaged in the general practice of law, and doing a large and lucrative business. Mr. Loring's branch of the business is the management and trial of cases in court, for which he possesses peculiar ability and fitness, and in which he has attained a high position among his associates at the bar, being unusually successful. He is identified with the Royal Arcanum as one of its prominent leaders. He has held the position of Grand Regent of Massachusetts for two years, and served on the Grand Council Committee on Laws two years. This is his sixth year in the Supreme Council, graduating from representative through Supreme Guide to his present position. He is a man of positive opinions, with the ability and strength of character to express them, a ready and eloquent speaker, is well known in Boston and vicinity, and throughout his State.

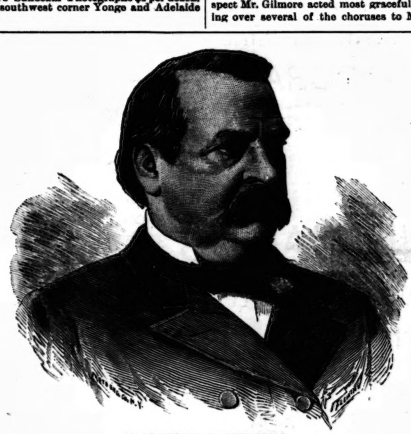
Personal.

The Queen's Royal at Niagara opens for the summer season next Saturday. The proprietors have made an excellent selection in their engagement with Mr. G. B. Smith of Toronto, who will act as guide, philosopher, and friend to the numerous guests of the Queen's Royal during the coming season. Mr. Smith is well and favorably known in Toronto, and doubtless the quiet courtesy which characterizes his bearing towards one and all will win for him an equal regard from the good folks on the southern shores of Ontario.

Miss Louise L. Ryckman, the winner of Lord Lansdowne's General Proficiency Medal in the second year at Toronto University, is a pretty, round-faced, auburn-haired young lady, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Ryckman of London. She comes of an intellectual family whose members have persisted in carrying off the highest University honors.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Nominee of the Democratic Convention, St. Louis, June 6th.

The recital given by Mr. Harry M. Field on Wednesday, May 30, was not as largely attended as the merits of the programme and the general public interest in Mr. Field would have given cause for. Mr. Field is one of the few Torontonians whose natural ability and promise justified his seeking a wider field of instruction than was offered in our midst, and a prolonged sojourn in Germany had widened his artistic capabilities and his musical experience. His friends were very naturally justified in expecting that his first appearance since his return would have attracted a large audience to hear his efforts as a debutant. But the old saw about a prophet being without honor in his own country held full sway on this occasion, and a comparatively meager audience was in attendance. This was to be regretted, as Mr. Field's playing was in every respect interesting. His programme was not of the style that recommends itself on account of its pyrotechnical brilliancy, but depended for its attractions rather upon the inherent classical beauty of its numbers and upon the scope it afforded the executant to display his comprehensive power.

Mr. Field gave a most delightful rendering of Schumann's Warum, and the Aria from the F minor Sonata. These numbers were exactly suited to his temperament and he treated us to elegant phrasing and a broad poetic feeling. In the Liszt Sonnet and Polonaise Mr. Field appeared to still better advantage. Of these he gave a fine, robust rendering, playing with fire and enthusiasm.

Mr. Field's assistant, Miss Agnes Huntington, has never appeared to greater advantage in Toronto than on this occasion. She sang the Ah! Quel Giorno, from Semiramide, with delightful breadth and fulness of tone. Maturity is mellowing Miss Huntington's tone, and giving it a glorious resonance and roundness. A great improvement is visible in her style and method as well. She sang three German songs by Jensen, Franz and Schumann most artistically, the O Sonnenschein being a perfect bit of song singing. Miss Huntington sails for Europe to-day, and expects to rest and also study under her old master, Lampedi of Dresden, for the next year and then remain in Europe for the next two or three years more.

The great Gilmore and his band have come and gone. Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore knows a thing or two, and he is decidedly a good business man and knows human nature, and plays upon it as well as upon his band. His programmes are always essentially popular, and whatever he plays is always well played. With all this he succeeds in making some good standard music sufficiently prominent to satisfy the musical fanatics. The band numbered some forty-one instruments, and is well balanced in tone, and of course the individuals are good players. Therefore, with a capable musician like Gilmore, and the constant playing together, the band must be good, and it is good. The Tannhauser and Semiramide overtures were splendidly played, and the fragment from William Tell was irresistible in its brilliancy and dash. Some curiosities were on the programme, such as the band arrangements of well-known piano pieces like Rubinstein's waltz, the Liszt Rhapsodie, and the Mendelssohn Rondo.

I have heard a good deal of talk about orchestral reproduction on the piano, but seldom came across what we can call piano reproduction in a reed band. Still, it was clever, and I liked the Rhapsodie very much. The band gave a beautiful rendering of Home, Sweet Home at the matinee, and its medleys of national airs were both interesting and instructive. The odds and ends of farm-yard sketches, Southern echoes, and such gave us some bright and lively music, and some clever imitations of parts of the animal kingdom. But the climax of public interest and enjoyment was reached when the National Anthem ushered in the cannon, and every grown person in the audience became, for the nonce, a boy again. The chorus of the Philharmonic Society was on the platform at each of the three concerts, some two hundred and twenty-five strong, and sang splendidly in the various choruses, especially in the Tannhauser March, which was brilliantly rendered under Mr. F. H. Torrington's baton. In this respect Mr. Gilmore acted most gracefully, turning over several of the choruses to Mr. Torrington.

Mme. Annie Louise Tanner sang the Bird song from the Pearl of Brazil and the great aria from Mozart's Il Seraglio with wonderful ease and grace. She has a pure soprano voice with a compass exceeding three octaves, of great volume, with perfect sweetness and undeviating intonation. She sings with a breadth and expression rare in a voice of this light and graceful quality. Signorina Maconda was rather weak in the Inflammatus, but sang excellently in the Mignon Polonaise, and her pleasing voice secured her an encore. Sig. Tagliapietra sang splendidly and in most artistic style. He has a fine resonant baritone voice, and has all the resources of the experienced opera singer. Owing to his absence from the matinee Mr. Schuch was called on to sing the prayer from Lohengrin, with the chorus in the finale, and he acquitted himself very creditably.

I was quite interested to find, on looking over the returns of the May examinations in music at Trinity College, that Mr. Arthur E. Fisher's pupils are well to the fore. Mrs. N. G. Bigelow took her Mus. Bac. degree. The second-year students who passed were Mr. Harris, Hamilton; Miss Paterson, Miss Doby, Oakville; Mr. G. A. Depew, Toronto, all Mr. Fisher's pupils. Those who passed the first year were Mr. T. Singleton, Port Hope; Miss Callahan, Brantford; Miss H. M. Moore, Caledonia: Miss S. A. Dallas, Mr. A. H. Deike, Guelph; Miss Eva Janes, Toronto; Miss C. W. McGee, Oshawa, also pupils of Mr. Fisher, besides Miss Ruby Preston and Miss A. E. Mullegan, both of Port Hope, who were prepared by Mr. T. Singleton; Mr. H. W. Rayner of Kingston, prepared by Rev. W. Roberts of Stella, who also prepared Miss Mackenzie.

METRONOME.

99 cents is the figure that Danford Roche & Co. are selling Morton's Moresque best quality Brussels carpet, regular price of which is $1.35. Also Wiltons, $1.10, worth $1.50; Axminsters, $1.65, worth $2.25. They are giving up the carpet department.

"Do you mean to tell me that Joe is really dead? That was the last thing I expected of him."

"Well, it was the last thing he did, wasn't it?"

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Some of the "curled darlings" of our city are starting another club. But I don't use the expression in a disparaging sense, I mean the young men about town who have a great deal of leisure, some money, and correct social instincts. We already have one club in Ottawa known as the Rideau. It has the reputation of being very exclusive, and quite fancy in its fees. Personally I am not so sure about its exclusiveness, for I find some queer fish have the *entree* there. However that may be, need is felt for another club, perhaps quite as exclusive and choice, but where the fees at least will be on a more moderate scale. Accordingly the Ottawa club has been organized, officers have been elected and quarters secured. The club house is on the corner of Queen and Metcalfe streets, and it decidedly presents the appearance of being a club-house, which the Rideau does not. The honorary president of the new club is the distinguished head of the Supreme Court, Sir Wm. Ritchie. Col. Thos. Ross is president; Wm. Smith, deputy minister of marine, vice-president; Capt. W. E. Heron, secretary treasurer. Executive committee—Major T. Charles Watson, W. E. Hodgins, A. D. De Celles, L. Fortescue, Philip N. Thompson, F. Gourdean and T. A. Ritchie. It is to be hoped that the new bachelors' refuge will not suffer the fate of the Stadacona and others of its predecessors.

Mrs. Costigan, wife of the Minister of Inland Revenue, left yesterday on a visit to Grand Falls, N. B.

The new Governor-General will arrive perhaps on Monday, but certainly early next week. In society far more interest is felt in the question: What sort of person is Lady Stanley—is she of a social turn or not—than in what manner of man his lordship is. Very little is definitely known on this point. The officers of the establishment are also canvassed and anybody who knows the remotest thing about them is the most interesting person at a tea-table.

Mrs. Schultz has accompanied her husband to Winnipeg and one of the brightest and most indefatigable entertainers has in her been lost to Ottawa. What is the Dominion capital's loss is the Prairie Province capital's gain.

Mr. Hugh John Macdonald and his pretty wife, *nee* Miss Vankoughnet of your city, are still in town.

WATCHMAN.

PORT PERRY.

Seldom has our town witnessed a more animated and joyous scene than that which transpired at the Methodist Church at noon yesterday. The occasion was the marriage of one of the most popular of our young ladies—Miss Isabel Willoughby, the only daughter of the pastor of the church in which the ceremony took place.

The Rev. Mr. Willoughby officiated, assisted by the three uncles of the bride—the Revs. W. H. Laird of Woodstock, J. W. Holmes of Guelph, and J. W. Totten of Markham.

The fortunate gentleman who has won this prize is Dr. George R. Watson of Wellington, who bears the highest honors of both Canadian and American Universities. He has won by solid ability and persistent plod the degrees of B. A., Ph. D. and M. D.; and, possessed of high personal character, a well tried integrity and indomitable perseverance, a brilliant career may be predicted for him in the medical profession which he has chosen.

The student career of Miss Willoughby has been very much more than an ordinary one. She is the first lady graduate in Arts of Victoria University, and took many honors in the different years of her graduating career. Her career of usefulness while residing in our midst—ever ready as she has been to aid in every good enterprise among us, has greatly endeared her to our citizens.

CHATHAM.

No recent departure from Chatham will be more regretted than that of Mrs. McLeod, the Misses Mary and Charlotte McLeod and the other members of their family, who left last week for Melbourne, Australia, where Mr. McLeod moved a few months ago. The choir of St. Andrew's Church (of which Miss Charlotte McLeod was a popular member) just before leaving made her the recipient of a handsome presentation.

Mr. Harry Ross has returned from Mexico.

The str. City of Chatham, which is to replace the defunct Merritt, and ply between here and Detroit, is expected to arrive in a couple of weeks and the event is awaited with much interest.

FEDORA.

GALT.

Mr. H. B. Lewis, of the Bank of Commerce, at one time stationed here, paid us a visit last week before leaving for the Montreal branch.

When removed from Galt Mr. Martin Howard left no successor to take a leading interest in lawn tennis. I have not heard of any club being in existence this season.

Mr. G. Y. V. Greenhill and staff of the Merchant's bank have taken possession of their new office in the Imperial Block.

Mr. W. Murray of the baseball club made some brilliant plays in last week's game.

ARIEL.

Messrs. Nye & Armstrong of the Rossin House News Depot have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to their large and assorted stock of fishing rods, tackle, hooks, reels, bait, etc., and as the fishing season is just about opening, intending buyers should see their immense display and compare prices before purchasing. See advertisement on page 2.

Blind Drunk.

Yesterday a wealthy society man, returning from a dinner party under the influence of liquor, slipped and fell on the sidewalk in Austin. A kind hearted, but sober friend, helped the inebriate to his feet.

"Where my hat!" asked the tipsy party, oblivious to the fact that the hat was on his head.

"Why donsher look for my losht hat!" he continued angrily to his sober friend, who laughed heartily. "Why donsher looksh for my hat? Hash somebody athole it?"

"My dear boy, your hat is—"

"Loosh for my hatsh, I shay. Do you hear, shpeak?" But just then he put his hand on his head and discovered the hat. Looking very wise, the victim of dipsomania said:

"My friend, you're abshent minded, or elsh you' blind drunksh. You are so blind drunksh you couldn't shee my hatsh wash on my head (hic). Wine ish smocker, and sthrong drinksh a ragin' lion, and whoever ish deceived thereby goesh about sheeking whom he may devour. You'r blind drunksh, I shay, couldn't shee my hatsh was on my head," and steadying himself on the arm of his friend the society man went on down the avenue.

The Charm of Music.

Fair Visitor (to convict)—I suppose, sir, that the singing of the birds relieves the monotony of your dreary life?

Convict (profoundly nonplussed)—The singing of the birds, miss?

Fair Visitor—Yes, sir, the little jail birds, you know. They must be such a boon.

High Living in New York.

Judge Peterby—Did you experience much annoyance from the climatic influences while you were in New York?

Col. Yerger—No, not to speak of. The hotel clerk put us up in the attic, but we didn't have to climb. All those big New York hotels have elevators that take you up to the attic without your knowing it.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DICKS—On June 2, at 193 Upper Vanauley street, Mrs. William Dicks, jr.—a daughter.

BLETCHER—On May 30, at Port Hope, Mrs. W. S. Bletcher—a son.

MACDONALD—At 513 Jarvis street, on June 5, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald—a daughter.

ROSSER—At 169 Gerrard street east, on June 2, Mrs. H. Rosser—a son.

McBRITH—At 67 Euclid avenue, on June 6, Mrs. Duncan McBrith—a son.

DUNCAN—At 111 Major street, on Wednesday, June 6, Mrs. W. S. Duncan—a daughter.

Marriages.

McKEGGIE—BLACKSTOCK—On Tuesday, June 5th, at Sloane Terrace church, Chelsea, London, England, by the father of the bride, assisted by Rev. Thomas Hind, James Herbert McKeggie of Barrie, Ontario, to May, youngest daughter of Rev. William S. Blackstock, of Toronto.

SMITH—RYAN—On the 5th June, 1888, at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, by his Lordship the Right Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, assisted by the Rev. Father McBride, James Austin, second son of Hon. Frank Smith, to Mary Alice, eldest daughter of Hugh Ryan, Esq., Hollydene, Rosedale, Toronto.

KLEIN—McCARTHY—On June 4th, at St. Paul's church, by the Rev. J. J. Shea, assisted by the Rev. Father Morris, E. E. Klein to Katie, daughter of the late H. J. McCarthy of Ottawa. No cards.

PERRY—CAMPBELL—At St. John's church, Burlington, on the 5th June, by the Rev. Father Slaven, James Perry to Teresa Campbell, both of Burlington.

SQUIRE—WINSTANLEY—On the 2nd June, at the residence of the bride's father, near Goshen, Tulare County California, William Squire, eldest son of Captain Squire, late of H. M. 3rd Dragoon Guards, Raglan Hall, Torquay, Devonshire, England, to Laura, youngest daughter of Dr. O. S. Winstanley, formerly of Toronto, Canada.

HILL—McCULLOUGH—At the residence of the bride's parents, Goodwood, on Wednesday, June 6th, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. James Hill, Winnipeg, Man., to Sarah J., third daughter of Mr. James McCullough, merchant.

BURCH—ARNOTT—On Wednesday, June 6, at the residence of the bride's father, 167 Carlton street, by Rev. S. J. Shorey, Charles E., eldest son of Edward Burch, of Tait, Burch & Co., to Nellie Wilson, third daughter of Mr. David Arnott, all of Toronto.

WRIGHT—GATES—On Wednesday, June 6, at the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, by Rev. Canon Sutherland, M. A., rector of St. Marks, assisted by Rev. Hartley Carmichael, the rector, Georgina Katherine Wright, second daughter of Matthew Wright, to Herbert E. Gates, third son of F. W. Gates, all of Hamilton.

STRATHY—FORD—On Wednesday, June 6, at St. Luke's Church, Toronto, by Rev. John Langtry, M. A., rector, assisted by Rev. Alex. Williams, M. A., George Stuart Cameron Strathy, second son of Dr. G. W. Strathy, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Dr. William Ford, all of Toronto.

WILSON—ROGERS—At the residence of the bride's father, 189 Gerrard street east, Toronto, June 6, by Rev. Alex. Sanson, M. A., William George Wilson, of the *Presbyterian Review*, to Maud, second daughter of John Rogers.

ROBERTSON—TAYLOR—At the residence of the bride's mother, 466 Jarvis street, June 6, by Rev. H. Harris, Dr. Alexander Robertson, to Miss Kate Taylor, third daughter of the late Thomas Taylor, of the Don Paper Mills.

Deaths.

FAHEY—On Saturday evening, June 2nd, at his late residence, 112 Lisgar street, Toronto, James Fahey, journalist, aged 38 years and 8 months.

FREEL—At Stouffville, on June 5, Elizabeth Lloyd Freel, aged 67 years.

BEATTY—On June 4, at 801 Ludlow street, Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. George Beatty, aged 65 years.

HLARD—On May 18, at Castle Douglas, Scotland, Mary Shaw Bland, aged 84 years.

DRINKWATER—On Wednesday, June 6, at 9 p.m., Eliza, wife of James E Drinkwater.

DICKISON—At Arkona, on June 5, Matilda Dickison, aged 40 years.

ARDAGH—At Barrie, on June 2nd, Anne Ardagh, aged 75 years.

KNOWLES—At Grand Union Hotel, Ottawa, Harry Knowles, aged 24 years.

GROVER—On Friday, June 1st, at Colborne, John M. Grover, registrar East riding, county of Northumberland, aged 72 years.

YOUNG—On June 2nd, John B. Young, of Hamilton.

SMITH—At Toronto, on June 3rd, Irene Amelia Smith, aged one year.

VERNON—At Toronto, on June 3rd, Freddie Vernon, aged 9 years.

SPEARS—On Monday, June 4, Mrs. Adam Spears, aged 75 years.

MILLER—At 143 Munro street, on June 6, Daniel Miller, aged 46 years.

LAWRENCE—At 45 Brant street, Maggie Lawrence, aged 20 years.

YOUNG—On June 2nd, John B. Young, of Hamilton.

Why the Strike Failed.

Jones—It looks as if the brewers' strike had failed.

Smith—So it seems.

Jones—What do you suppose was the cause of the brewers' strike failing?

Smith—You see when they went out they couldn't prevent the hops working.

EDWARDS'

DESICCATED SOUP

UNEQUALLED FOR

Health, Strength, Economy and Convenience

INDISPENSIBLE DURING THE

CAMPING OUT SEASON

Makes rich soup or delicious flavoring in a few minutes. Put up in tins at 15, 25 and 40c. For sale by all grocers. Be sure and try it.

Mutual Street Rink

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Week commencing Monday, June 11, 1888,

GRAND SIX-DAY

Pedestrian Tournament

12 hours a day, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. (Go-as-you-please).

All the famous pedestrians in the world expected to start. See descriptive bills for list of entries. Doors open at 10 a.m., start at 11 o'clock sharp. Admission 25 cents.

A. PHILION, Manager.

LORNE PARK

Hotel Opens 15th of June

Magnificent Steamer ROTHESAY chartered for season. For rooms at Hotel or for a choice lot in this beautiful Summer Resort, apply to J. W. STOCKWELL, 59 King West, Treasurer. Opening day of sailing Saturday 16th June.

SUMMER WOOD

Cut and split $2.25 per load. Kindling five crates $1.

R. TRUAX, 56 ADELAIDE ST. WEST

PARTNER WANTED.

A Money (and General) Broker of several years' successful experience desires a Partner for city office. Address F. G. L., TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, stating age, previous experience, capital and other information.

DON'T FORGET TO SEE THE

GREAT SWEEPSTAKES

AND OTHER TROTS ON

WOODBINE TRACK

ON

Wednesday & Thursday, June 13 & 14

PIANO LECTURE-RECITAL

BY

WM. H. SHERWOOD

Of New York, assisted by Madame D'AURIA, Mon. BOUCHER, Miss DONNELLY and Mr. J. L. O'MALLEY. Sig. D'AURIA, Accompanist—at

Horticultural Pavilion, Thursday, June 14, 8 p.m.

RESERVED SEATS, 50 CENTS.

Plan now open at Messrs. Nordheimer's.

"He plays with a taste and finish that distinguish him as a musical scholar of the first rank."—*New York Times.*

TRIUMPH SELF-WRING MOP CO.

TARBOX BROS., Managers,

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THE

UNIVERSAL COOKING CROCK

Mopping done without soiling the hands.
Over 2,000 sold daily; price 85 cents.
Use our Crock for cooking your porridge or any delicate foods. No burning or discoloring of foods.
Gentlemanly agents will call upon application.

TARBOX BROS., 483 KING STREET W.

Don't Take Up Your Carpets

THE TORONTO CARPET AND PLUSH RENOVATING CO.

389 1-2 Yonge Street

Will clean and RENOVATE your carpets on the floor without dust, dirt or smell and make them absolutely MOTH PROOF. You don't need to even take your furniture from the room.

We can give you some of the best references in the city. Our "Renovo Process" is registered under the "Trade Mark and Design Act" for the Dominion of Canada.

Dominion Stained Glass Co.

77 RICHMOND STREET WEST

Memorial Windows and every description of Church and Domestic Art Glass, including

Wheel-Cut, Sand-Cut, Embossed, Bent Glass and Bevelled Plate

Also new and elegant designs in Bevelled, Engraved and Silvered Plate for mantles.

Designs and estimates on application. Telephone 1470.

Niagara River Line

CHICORA

In Connection with the New York Central and Michigan Central Railway

Single Trips Commencing Tuesday, May 22nd

Steamer will leave Yonge street wharf at 7 a.m. for Niagara-on-Lake, Lewiston, Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, and all points east and west. Tickets at all offices of Canadian Pacific Railway; Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge street; A. F. Webster, 56 Yonge street; Gauvaki & Buchan, 24 King street east. JOHN FOY, Manager.

THE MART

(ESTABLISHED 1834).

BY OLIVER, COATE & CO.

$10,000

Unreserved Sale by Auction

Of the Entire Stock of Valuable

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

OF MESSRS. WOLTZ BROS., AT THE MART, ON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13

We have received instructions to sell WITHOUT ANY RESERVE the valuable stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc., comprising Watches, Chains, Diamonds, Rings, Gem Rings, Gold Bracelets, Silver Bracelets, Ladies' Gold Sets, Gold Thimbles, Silver Thimb'es, Gents' Gold Scarf Pins, Gents' Silver Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs, Gold Collar Buttons, Fine Gold Cuff Buttens and Cuff Links, Gold and Silver Earrings, Gold Pins and Broaches Gents' Charms, Society Pins and Jet Jewelry, Ladies' Guard Chains, Collar Buttons, Children's Pins and Rings, Silver Necklets and Lockets, etc.

Also a large Fire and Burglar Proof Safe, Diamond and Gold Scales, Show Cases and Tables—in all about $10,000 worth of Stock and Fixtures.

TERMS CASH. SALE AT 11 A.M.

OLIVER, COATE & CO.

AUCTIONEERS.

DIAMONDS.

For a large assortment and close prices call on

Goulden & Trorey

Manufacturing Jewelers and Diamond Setters

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

P. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Trunks, Bags, Valises, Satchels, Purses, Pocket Books, Bill and Letter Cases, Baskets, Dressing Cases, Fancy Goods, &c.

105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

ALEXANDER & CABLE, LITHOGRAPHERS &c. MAIL BUILD'G TORONTO

SPECIALTY OF FINE WORK

IN

Invitations, Wedding and Visiting Cards.

PLATE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

THE

JACKSON'S POINT HOTEL COMPANY

HAS

Eight Cottages to Rent for the Summer.

They are hardwood, newly built and well finished and contain three bed-rooms, one sitting-room, about seventy-five feet of verandah around each and with kitchen and closets detached from main building.

A Dining Hall will be erected on the property where those desiring may get their meals.

Jackson's Point is situated on Lake Simcoe three hours run from Toronto, and is unrivalled for its sanitary advantages, while the facilities for bathing, boating and fishing can not be surpassed. The neighborhood also is noted for its beautiful drives in every direction.

Rent $75 for season, this includes a supply of ice.

For further particulars address

F. G. TREMAYNE,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Sutton West.

CYCLORAMA

Front and York Streets, Toronto.

NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL

BATTLE FIELD

Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

ADMISSION 25c.

BATTLE OF SEDAN

THE BEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE

FOR

Nobby, New and Stylish Hats

The largest variety can be seen from all the Leading English and American Manufacturers.

CHRISTY'S LONDON SILK HATS

New Style, Just to Hand, only $4

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Manufacturers and Direct Importers, 101 Yonge Street.

EVERYBODY READS BIRTH MARRIAGE DEATH ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THE MAIL

THE MAIL

THE MAIL, TORONTO, CANADA

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Commencing June 1st, 1888

WILL SELL

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

SATURDAY TO MONDAY

AT

10cts. More Than SINGLE FARE

WINNIPEG AND RETURN

$45.00!

GOOD FOR 40 DAYS

Apply to any Agent of the Company.

S. D. DOUGLAS & CO.

(Successors to the late ALEX. HAMILTON)

183 King St. East

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR

PAPER HANGING

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TINTING

AND ALL KINDS OF

HOUSE PAINTING

AND

DECORATING.

Men's Youths' & Boys'

LIGHT-WEIGHT

SPRING OVERCOATS

In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 24 up to 48 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more we can produce

ANY SHADE OR ANY PRICE

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

DIAMONDS!

We have just received something special in Diamonds,

From the Lowest Priced Goods to the Highest in the Market.

which we are still prepared to sell at prices that defy competition.

This is not an advertising dodge, but a real fact.

WOLTZ BROS. & CO.

5 LEADER LANE, TORONTO.

"DOMINION"

ORGANS AND

TONE, SWEETNESS PIANOS AND DURABILITY

TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC

(FORMERLY RUSE'S)

68 KING STREET WEST.

WATER FILTERS

"The Gate City Stone Filter"

EASILY CLEANED
DOES NOT BECOME FOUL
AN EFFECTUAL PURIFIER
ABSOLUTELY PURE WATER

FOR SALE BY

HARRY A. COLLINS

90 YONGE STREET.

AVOID THE COUNTERFEIT! PURSUE THE GENUINE!

If there was nothing genuine there would be nothing to counterfeit.

And if pure goods can be had anywhere, that's the place to go, but be sure the place has a good name before you enter it or you may be persuaded to invest, much to your own disadvantage.

If you intend entertaining your friends do it we or they will not consider your friendship worth anything. If you do not know what would be nice—or what would be the proper thing to do—you can get valuable aid by asking for information at Harry Webb's 447 Yonge street it will not cost you anything, or, if you prefer it, you can leave it all to him, and you will find it as safe in his hands as in your own. Send for estimates, or send your orders to

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